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THE  
P R O C E E D I N G S  
AT THE  
CUSHMAN CELEBRATION,  
AT PLYMOUTH, AUGUST 15, 1855,  
IN  
C O M M E M O R A T I O N  
O F T H E  
E M B A R K A T I O N O F T H E P L Y M O U T H P I L G R I M S  
F R O M S O U T H A M P T O N , E N G L A N D ;  
T O G E T H E R W I T H A N  
*Account of the Services at the Grave*  
O F  
E L D E R T H O M A S C U S H M A N ,  
August 16, 1855.

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B O S T O N :  
J. M. HEWES, PRINTER, 81 CORNHILL.  
1855.

At a meeting of the descendants of ROBERT CUSHMAN, the Pilgrim,  
held in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, on the 15th of August, 1855,

*Voted,* That Dr. NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF of Boston, and Hon.  
HENRY W. CUSHMAN of Bernardston, be requested to prepare and publish  
the proceedings of the Cushman Celebration.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THE following pages appear in print in accordance with the votes of those members of the Cushman family who were present at Plymouth on the occasion of the family gathering for celebrating the 235th anniversary of the day when ROBERT CUSHMAN, the progenitor of the family, embarked from England to try his fortune in a new world.

It may not be improper to state here, very briefly, some of the leading steps in achieving the great project of our forefathers, in which Mr. Cushman took a very active and conspicuous part, and which resulted in the settlement of New England, and the establishment in America of the most liberal government in the known world.

Our Pilgrim Fathers, who had very early in the seventeenth century sought in Holland peace and shelter from the intolerant bigotry that existed in their native England, began to think in earnest of transporting themselves and families to the New World, that they might there worship God in their own manner and according to the dictates of their own hearts, unbiassed by the controlling influences of the priests and bishops of established churches. Firm in this intention they, in the year 1617, sent to England Robert Cushman, one of their most prominent men, and John Carver, a deacon among them, to see what arrange-

ments could be made with the Virginia Company, who held large tracts of land under the royal seal, towards procuring a competent grant of territory for a new colony to be settled by them. These agents were also instructed to obtain from the king, if possible, a right to enjoy, in their contemplated habitation, the liberty of conscience, a denial of which had previously driven them from the land of their nativity. After an attendance of several months in England, these gentlemen returned to Leyden in the year 1618 without having effected their purpose. In consequence of this defeat, it became necessary to make another trial, and Mr. Cushman and Elder William Brewster were selected to act as agents in the second attempt. This agency was not altogether unavailing, for although an useless patent was obtained at that time, yet the agents by their prudence, manliness, and correct deportment gained many friends in England, and established a character for themselves and their undertaking which proved of great advantage to those connected with the enterprise who subsequently came to New England.

After long and tedious negotiations, wherein the prudence and skill of Mr. Cushman were of incalculable service, arrangements were made in London for the transportation of the adventurers to America, and Mr. Cushman and Deacon Carver, that excellent man, who afterwards became the first Governor of the Plymouth Colony, were charged with the duty of procuring vessels for the enterprise and of providing for the voyage.

It was at this time, in June, 1620, that Mr. Cushman procured in London the famous May Flower, in which he soon afterwards proceeded to Southampton, where his associate, Mr. Carver, was assisting in making other necessary arrangements. But it was not until the 5th of August, 1620, (the 15th day of the month according to the present style of reckoning time,) that the Pil-

grims, then including Mr. Cushman in their number, were ready for embarkation, and actually made the attempt from Southampton. This fact determined what day was most proper to be selected for the Cushman Celebration.

The sun of this glorious day, in the middle of the pleasantest month of the year, undoubtedly rose to the anxious Pilgrims, having hopes and fears which we of the present day and generation, enjoying the results of their hardships and sufferings, cannot well imagine. Whatever may have been the emotions and desires of Cushman at that time, he was destined to be disappointed ; for in consequence of circumstances not within his control, nor to be guarded against by his foresight,—the leakage of a smaller vessel, not provided by him, but obtained by the other Pilgrims in Leyden to accompany the *May Flower*, and other causes,—the whole company of emigrants were obliged to put back from their voyage into the harbor of Plymouth,—a port about 150 miles distant from the place of their embarkation ; where, upon due consultation and deliberation, it was determined that the smaller vessel should be abandoned, and, consequently, that a portion of the adventurers should be left in England until another opportunity should offer for their transportation to America. Mr. Cushman was selected from among the principal men among the Pilgrims to remain in England with those whose lot it was to be left behind, undoubtedly in consequence of his peculiar adaptedness for the purpose, and because he could, at the same time, be looking after the general interests of the Colonists, and more especially as he was the most suitable of their number to provide another vessel for effecting in a short time their transportation. This duty he subsequently performed by procuring the *Fortune*, which left England in July, 1621, and arrived in New England on the 9th day of the next November. In this last named vessel came

Mr. Cushman, bringing with him his son Thomas,—as far as can be ascertained an only child and motherless,—then a youth of about thirteen years of age ; but, subsequently, as all will learn by reading attentively the family history, a favorite with the good men of the Plymouth Colony, and for many years the Ruling Elder of the first Christian Church established in New England. When the father set sail for London on the 13th of the next month,—never to revisit the land of the Pilgrims, as the event proved,—returning in compliance with the wishes of the Merchant Adventurers in England, who required him to report to them by word of mouth the true state of matters in the Plantation, he left his son in the care of Governor Bradford, for the completion of his education, a trust that was well performed, as the history of his well-spent life shows.

From the year 1617 until the time of his decease in 1625, Mr. Cushman was the principal agent in England for the Colonists, both while in Holland and in America. His attendance at Court, for which he was perhaps better adapted than any other of the Pilgrims, gave him a knowledge of business far exceeding that of any of those with whom he was associated, and enabled him to conduct the affairs of the adventurers with more success than could otherwise have been done. True, in some matters he did not at first accomplish the desires of those for whom he acted as agent, for he was not able to perform impossibilities. In making conditions with the Merchant Adventurers in London, he was obliged to yield certain points which much displeased Bradford and other of the Pilgrims, who expected more than could possibly be obtained, and who, in his situation, would have been obliged undoubtedly to have submitted to harder terms or have failed entirely. Bradford and others soon found out this, when similar negotiations had to be entered into by them with King James

and the Merchant Adventurers. It was one thing to trade with half-starved savages, and another to conduct skilfully important and perplexing negotiations with men of talent and education, who had made matters of diplomacy the business of their lives.

As Cushman was the agent or "right hand" of the Colonists with the Merchant Adventurers in London, so was Isaac Allerton, the father of Mary Cushman, the Elder's wife, the New England agent for many years for the same party. Five several times he was sent to England in the employ of the Colonists, and in each instance performed for his employers valuable services.

Although at times the excellent Cushman, knowing better than his associates the difficulties to be overcome in England in obtaining necessary grants and privileges, and the extreme perils of the sea, and the hardships to be borne in a new country peopled with savages and not yet subdued to cultivation, exhibited great depression of spirits; nevertheless he was determined to the last moments of his life to make New England his home. When the *May Flower* sailed for its voyage, the dangers to be encountered and the obstacles to be overcome were unknown to the Pilgrims; but when Cushman started for the new world in the *Fortune*—the immediate successor of the *May Flower*, which had then returned from Plymouth with tidings from the Pilgrims—he knew that half of those who had preceded him were numbered with the dead. What stronger proof of his courage and devotedness could there be than that with this knowledge he should venture, with his only child, to almost certain death?

Before closing these remarks, it is due to all to express, in behalf of those present at the gathering, the great satisfaction that resulted from the Celebration at Plymouth. The unbounded hospitality of the inhabitants, who opened their houses to the free use of their visitors, and who provided every thing that could in



the least contribute to the success of the “Cushman Pilgrimage,” fully identifies the present generation of sojourners on Pilgrim soil as the lineal descendants of those who signed the noble-spirited compact on board the world renowned May Flower, and merits the warmest commendations of all who claim to be sons of the Pilgrims.

The gathering of the descendants of Robert Cushman on this occasion, coming as they did from almost every part of the United States, will ever be remembered by those who were present at the highly interesting services, as one of the most agreeable events of their lives ; and in the annals of Plymouth will exhibit another instance of the filial piety of those who have descended from the May Flower Forefathers.

AUGUST, 1855.

DISCOURSE,

BY

REV. ROBERT W. CUSHMAN, D.D.

PLYMOUTH'S ROCK:

“THE ROCK WHENCE *WE* WERE HEWN.”

## DISCOURSE.

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FATHERS and mothers, brothers and sisters, kindred all, we bid you welcome *home* !

We have come to talk of the olden time. We have come to honor the dead ; and to bear away with us, if we may, some benefit from such filial homage for ourselves and for our children.

How unwonted our emotions : strangers looking upon each other for the first time, yet one family ! As we think of home and childhood, our memories fly over the broad continent ; to alight, some, among the wintry hills of New Hampshire, and others amid the savannahs of the sunny South ; some on the banks of the Kennebec, and others where the father of waters rolls the tribute of a thousand rivers to the sea.

Yet the time was when the blood which flows in our veins was centered in a single household near the spot where we are now gathered. And when the Sabbath called them from the domestic to the public altar, they worshiped where we stand.

It is fitting that, on the occasion which has brought us to visit the *old* family homestead and the old family tomb, we should gather where they gathered. It is

fitting that our first act in this re-union should be a solemn recognition of our fathers' God, and an acknowledgment of our obligation to Him for the blessings which we enjoy as the fruit of their piety and sacrifices.

And now that we have joined in worship, before we go up to press around the time-worn graves of our earliest dead, let us open the old Pilgrim Bible and seek, as they were wont to seek on all public occasions, a channel for our thoughts from the word of God. And, as we have come to talk of family affairs, the text that may, perhaps, most fitly guide us is that of the command in the *first* and *second* verses of the *fifty-first* chapter of *Isaiah*. "Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged. Look unto Abraham, your father, and to Sarah that bear you : for I called him alone and blessed him and increased him."

On an ordinary occasion of religious instruction, a freer scope might be indulged on the subject matter of this text than time will permit on this. We may remark, however, that we are happily not in the condition of those to whom it was addressed. *They* were about to pass through the calamities which are involved in the loss of country and freedom. These, even they "who followed after righteousness" were to suffer, in the chastisement that was to be visited on the nation's sins. The providence of God is not so discriminating in national visitations as to rescue the innocent from the calamities of the guilty. If locust and canker-worm, if blasting and mildew cover a land, or earthquakes upheave and tornadoes sweep it ; if pestilence thin its people, if famine waste its strength ; or if despotism triumph and liberty fall, the righteous must suffer with the wicked. But then it is their privilege to recognize the Hand that holds the rod, and to hear a voice assuring them that they are not forgotten.

In the case of the righteous, to whom the prophet spoke, there was a special ground of hope. Sinful as their nation was,—“a people laden with iniquity,”—it had a destiny to fulfil which forbade its extinction. Chastised it must be, but not destroyed, for there was a blessing wrapped up in its nationality for the rest of mankind. When, therefore, the predicted calamity should overtake them, and they should be driven out from their own land into exile and bondage, and the dark cloud of judgment be shutting down on their future, the pious were directed to look to the past. They might thus re-assure their hopes by the circumstances of their nation’s origin ; and by the promises made to their progenitor by ONE who “is not a man that He should lie, nor the son of man that He should repent.”

Although, happily, we have no such cause to look away from the future to the past as they had, such retrospection to-day may not be without its benefit, if not for strength to meet apprehended trials, yet for incitement to the more diligent discharge of awaiting duties.

The people whom the prophet was addressing had this advantage, as a nation, over us ; that they all knew who their ancestors were. Every individual family had a perfect and reliable record of its pedigree. An Israelite of a thousand years’ descent could tell you his genealogy through all his fathers back to the beginning of his nation,—to the common progenitor of all its families. And wherever he met a fellow-countryman he felt that he was with his kindred. Whatever advantages might be derived from the contemplation of ancestral virtues and the ties of kindred, they had in their largest measure ; and how much they gloried in them is often seen in their history.

In this respect the American people form a perfect contrast to them ; and not only the American people at large, but even the descendants of the first settlers of New England. There is no people on earth, probably, who concern themselves so little about their ancestry as the people of this country ; or who, after the first degree, feel so little interest in consanguinity.

How often do you hear, in reply to the question ; Whether such a one is a relative, the negative given, because he is *only* a second cousin. If you ask a man who was his grandfather, he may be able to tell you. But if you ask where he came from, (that he *came from* somewhere is taken for granted,) it is more likely than not that you will be answered in some such dubious and traditionary form as the following :—“ I have heard my father say that his father came from the eastward ; or, ‘ from the old country ; ’ ” or, “ he was born somewhere in New England ; ” or some other answer equally instructive.

This ignorance is, of course, the result of indifference. And the indifference itself has probably been fostered by the contempt in which, as a people, we have been nursed, for hereditary distinctions ; and by the importance we attach, very justly, to individual character. It is also, without doubt, in some degree the result of that earnestness with which the attention of men in this country has ever been directed to the opening future. So earnest has been the spirit of anticipation, that one might suppose us to be born with the nature of partridges. We are so eager to be off in pursuit of our destiny, that we do not wait to drop our shells. Children *spring* into manhood ; and it is well with their fathers only because the land is wide ; otherwise they would be jostled off the stage by their filial rivals.

Let us rejoice that this indifference to the men and things of the past, in New England, is beginning to be corrected. No people under heaven have so great reason to value their descent as those whose ancestors abandoned the blessings of a civilized land, and encountered the hardships and perils of unfrequented seas, and the savage wilds of the new-found continent, for the benefit of coming generations. The names of such men should not be forgotten, nor remain unhonored.

If these remarks be just, of the early settlers and their descendants *generally*, how emphatically true are they of the little band of pioneers who, two hundred and thirty-five years ago this day, bade adieu to the England of the old world, to raise up another in the new ; and with what reverence should their names and deeds and sufferings be cherished by those who inherit their blood.

Uneducated they may, most of them, have been ; rustic, and *bigoted* if you will, with the sectarianism of the times ; and intolerant, too, from the circumstances in which they had lived. Yet for all that, they were no common men ; they were of a higher order than the titled ; they were more even than nature's noblemen. They were men of whom the world was not then worthy ; and if ever mortals deserved apotheosis, as heroes of the loftiest type, and seats as demigods among the stars, it was the men—aye, and the women too, of that pilgrim band ; and shame to the degenerate son who could stoop and pry and peep among the ashes of their funeral pyres for proof that they were but men !

Cherishing these sentiments, it was with unwonted pleasure that the speaker saw the movement set on foot to honor the Pilgrim, whose memory is uppermost in all minds here to-day.



For the first half century after the settlement of this place, his name and services were cherished in the colony with the most ardent affection. But owing to the circumstance that he was not an actual settler, subsequent generations, confining their attention to those, whose "sepulchres were with them," in a great measure lost sight of him ; and the histories of the early settlement of this country, mostly contenting themselves with beginning at the commencement of the *settlement*, have taken but little notice of him, except to record his name as one of those who were employed in the negotiations which opened the way for the emigration.

It is to be regretted that the indifference to genealogy and to ancestry, of which we have spoken, so far influenced the first settlers themselves, that they neglected to preserve and transmit to us any memorials by which we might either ascertain their natal homes, or learn the conditions of life from which they came. Could they have foreseen the magnitude of that destiny, for their posterity and for mankind, the germs of which they were planting, they would probably have taken more care to preserve the means of gratifying our filial curiosity. As it is, we must be content, for the most part, with mere conjecture ; and we may as well indulge our fancy as task our research. If the question of origin might be settled by a *name*, the Winslows came from Bucks, and the Billingtons from Lancashire. If the Bradfords dispute whether they originated in the town (so called) in Yorkshire, or in that on the banks of the Avon, they may at least agree that they came from the banks of one of Britain's fordable rivers, and, perhaps, from some one of her Avons. The Eatons may possibly be assisted in determining the place of their ancestral home by the aid of

orthography ; though in those times, by the way, orthography was a very precarious test. There is an Eaton near Bedford, and an Eton near Windsor. By a similar license the Chiltons may hail from the chalk hills of Buckingham ; and so the Leisters may have been denizens of the city of stockings on the banks of the Soare. They who bear the name of English, if perplexed as to the whereabouts of their origin, may at least have the certainty that their progenitor, though he may have dwelt in Leyden, was not a Dutchman.

If we are thrown upon conjecture as to their homes, we are not less so as to their *employments* and *professions*.

The Priests and the Clarks, though they may have claimed to be Puritans, must have belonged to the Establishment ; and however they may have preached and scolded about church-rates, the runaways were, without doubt, men of tithe and stipend.

The Carvers, the Turners, and the Tinkers need not be told that they have descended from mechanics.

The Gardiners may be assured that their progenitor was, at least to some small extent, a tiller of the ground ; and the Cooks, that the business of theirs was within doors.

If the Crackstons should be shy of this method of supplying the lack of history, from the idea of any thing penal, let them be reminded that macadamizing by convict labor is a recent invention. And the pride of the Fletchers may take refuge in an antiquity when arrow-making was not a puerile employment, as arrow-using was no "child's play." If the Goodmans can infer nothing positive either as to the origin or the station of their ancestor from his *name*, they will at least be satisfied as to his *character* ; while the Soules will be

sure that theirs was a man of spirit. As to the Cushmans : some suppose our name to be Hebrew, with an English termination. Others think it to be a corruption or a softening from Coachman. In favor of the latter derivation there is at least one instance of record. If that is to be considered authoritative, we shall be allowed to felicitate ourselves that our progenitor held a commanding position in his day ; that he was looked up to by men of all ranks ; and that he “drove his carriage and pair.”

In sober truth, however, if the Pilgrim's name was Coachman, he could not have been the original owner of it, and he could not have been very near to the ancestry whose employment had fixed it on them, as we shall see reason to believe in the sequel.

As to *locality* ; the only thing which the Speaker has been able to find on which to found any probable conjecture as to that of our own English home, is an allusion to an excursion which our ancestor took while engaged in the negotiations at London. It would be very natural, certainly, for a man, when preparing to bid a final adieu to his native land, to embrace such an opportunity of leisure as he must have had, pending the tardy progress of the object of his mission, to revisit the scenes of his childhood, if within his reach. If he was one of the original emigrants to Holland, he had now been many years beyond reach of those scenes. Mr. Robinson and his people left England in 1609. Eight years at least, therefore, had probably passed since he had had an opportunity of seeing them. And now, that he was in England once more, not to be hunted by the blood-hounds of religious persecution, as before his exile, but as the representative of a people, and engaged in

negotiations with the Government for the achievement of an object of high national and philanthropic interest, nothing could be more natural than such a visit.

The only record extant, however, of such visit, if it took place, is found in the allusion above referred to. That would place his family home in Kent or Sussex—in the extreme south of England. Mr. Robinson and his church, indeed, originated in the north. But this does not invalidate our conclusion ; for Bradford, as quoted by Prince, says : “ About this time, (December, 1610,) and the following years, many come to his church from *divers* parts of England.”

But if we are left to conjecture as to the place of his birth, we are in no uncertainty as to his social position and character. These will be apparent as we trace *the trusts committed to him, and the services he rendered* in the founding of Plymouth colony.

And, in forming our estimate of his character and standing before the world, we must take into consideration the circumstances of the people by whom he was employed, and the delicacy and difficulty of the mission which was intrusted. The Pilgrims were virtually an outlawed people. They were accounted rebels by the Government of their native land, and were refugees from their sovereign's displeasure. They were now entering on endeavors to obtain the favoring ear of that sovereign for a petition which was vital to all their hopes, for themselves and their posterity. And this was to be gained, if gained at all, not by confessions, recantations, and submission, but by frank avowal of non-conformity to his demands, and the demands of the church of which he claimed to be the Head. The very petition itself was an expression of preference for exile to a wilderness before

submission to those demands. They were to ask the favor of being let alone by Bishops' Courts and Star Chambers while worshiping God in another hemisphere.

They were to seek leave to find an asylum from their hatred, their prisons and their confiscations, among savages. They were to win the Government to their wishes by the hope they could awaken of new dominions for his Majesty in the wilds of America ; and were to inspire him with confidence in their loyalty despite their insubordination in matters of religion ; and with confidence in their capability despite their present humble condition, and their inexperience in matters of such arduous enterprise.

This was the errand for which they were to select their men.

But when this object should be gained, if gained it should be, there still remained all the business arrangements of location, and of title to territory, to be settled with a mercenary corporation, under whose patent they should make their home ; and all the details of transportation, and the means of settlement, with wary merchants and money-lenders.

Whom, in such exigency, would they employ ? whom but those most distinguished among them for intelligence, for prudence, for integrity, for acquaintance with the world and familiarity with the details of business ; and whose social position and cultivation might best serve them for access to those in power ?

For this delicate, and, to them, vitally important service, they selected “ *Mr.*—The prefix was never used among the Pilgrims except as a title of honor—*Mr.* Robert Cushman and *Mr.* John Carver.” In the words of their record, these men were appointed “ to treat with

the Virginia Company ; *and see if the King would give them liberty of conscience there.*" In forwarding these objects, it appears they continued in London some three months or more ; when Mr. Cushman returned to Holland, and left Mr. Carver at London. It probably became necessary, in the progress of the negotiations, to communicate the state of things to the people at Leyden more freely and fully than could well be done by letters ; and that Mr. Cushman went over for that purpose. A high commendation was bestowed on them both by Sir Edward Sandys, a prominent member of the Virginia Company, and afterwards its Governor, for the manner in which they had managed the business committed to them. Three months after their appointment, and probably on the return of Mr. Carver to Leyden, Sir Edwin wrote thus concerning them : " Your agents have carried themselves with that discretion as is both to their own credit and theirs from whom they come ; and the seven articles subscribed with your names have given the gentlemen of the Council for Virginia that satisfaction which has carried them on to a resolution to forward your desire in the best sort that may be for your own and the public good." Mr. Carver, having received the more explicit written statement of the principles and aims of the Pilgrims, desired by the Company, returned to London in the month of December, accompanied by some individual of consideration among them, whose name is not given, but who is designated as " a gentleman of our Company."

The agents had managed their business so well, it appears, as to gain the good will of the king, and the promise of his protection in the enjoyment of their religion ; and so well as even to obtain the consent of the

bishops. So said Sir John Worstenholme, in the February following, when a statement was sent him, by Mr. Robinson, of the tenets and usages of the Leyden church, to be communicated to the king's Privy Council, with the view of removing ill impressions which their enemies had made on the Council.

Those enemies, however, were but too successful ; for, in May, Bradford says : “ Though the agents of Mr. Robinson's people find the *Virginia Company* very desirous of their going to their West India territory, (as their grant in North America was then called,) and willing to grant them a patent with as ample privileges as they could grant to any ; and some of the chiefs of the Company doubted not to obtain their suit of the *king* for liberty in religion, and to have it under the broad seal, as was desired ; yet they find it a harder piece of work than they expected. For though many means were used, and diverse of worth, with Sir Robert Nanton, chief Secretary of State, labored with the king to obtain it, and others wrought with the archbishop to give way thereto ; yet all in vain. They indeed prevail so far as that the king would connive at them, and not molest them provided they carry peaceably ; but to tolerate them by his public authority, under his seal, would not be granted. Upon which the agents,” says Bradford, “ return to Leyden.” Thus ended their first mission, in which they had been employed from August, 1617, to the following May.

But, although they failed of the object of their appointment, they had so conducted the negotiations confided to them as to retain the confidence of those in whose behalf they acted. The best evidence of this, in Mr. Cushman's case, is his re-appointment. The little com-

pany of exiles, notwithstanding the great discouragement they had met from the king, resolve, after the lapse of about a year, to cast themselves on the care of Providence, and emigrate on the best terms they might win from the civil and ecclesiastical powers. With this view they send Mr. Cushman again to London. But instead of Mr. Carver, they associate with him, this time, "Elder Brewster." On their arrival in London they found a new obstacle. The Virginia Company, on whose influence they had relied, and under whose patent they were hoping to settle, was rent with factions. "Sir T. Smith having desired," says Mr. Cushman, in a letter dated May 8th, 1619, "to be eased of his office of Treasurer and Governor of the Virginia Company, Sir Edwin Sandys was chosen ; but Sir Thomas repenting, and opposing Sir Edwin, great disturbance and factions are raised in said Company, that no business could well go forward."

How long the agents were embarrassed and detained by these dissensions does not clearly appear ; probably from April till near the close of the year.

It was while waiting in London for the Company to come to a temper for business, that Mr. Cushman ventured on an absence of fourteen days to go into Kent to visit his childhood's home and take leave of his friends, as we have supposed, in view of a final adieu to his native land.

"After long attendance," to use the words of Bradford, "having obtained the desired patent from the Virginia Company, Mr. Cushman returned to Holland." But after all the labor and the delay the Pilgrims had suffered, they were doomed yet to disappointment. The patent was taken out in the name of a gentleman who,



after it was obtained, relinquished the idea of embarking in the enterprise. The only thing now left them was to make the best terms they could *with such merchants* in London as could be induced, by their selling themselves to their mercenary interests, to furnish them with the means of transportation. In this last resort Mr. Cushman for the third time is called upon, and sent to London to make terms with the “Merchant Adventurers ;” and effect the necessary preparations for their departure. Mr. Carver is this time associated with him, and sent to Southampton to attend to the outfit at that port.

The terms exacted, and to which the poor people at Leyden had been prepared by their sufferings and by hope long deferred to assent, were sufficiently severe. But the Adventurers, taking advantage of their necessities, altered them in two most important points after they had been fairly settled.

It is probable, after all the delays and discouragements they had suffered, that this last aggravation would have led to the abandonment of the idea of emigration altogether but for the influence of Mr. Cushman. He believed that the project of American colonization was a practicable one ; and that his associates were the men to succeed. He had a faith that could pierce the cloud which enwrapped them ; a faith which saw a new empire rising in the new hemisphere, where the oppressed people of God might be free to worship according to the dictates of their conscience ; and he urged them to press forward to the work of laying the foundations of a *New* England more glorious than the *old* ; where, peradventure, they might yet have

“A Church without a bishop, and a State without a king.”

That we do not over-estimate his forecast of the issues of the enterprise to which he had given himself, is apparent from the language of encouragement which he held to his fellow pilgrims ; and from the efforts which he made to enlist the *people* of England in the work of colonization ; and especially from the defences of liberty which he secured in the charter that, in connection with Winslow, he obtained for the first settlement in Massachusetts Bay ; a charter which really contains the germs of our free institutions.

In that remarkable discourse,—the first that ever came from the press as a specimen of American preaching,—delivered by him to the Pilgrims near the spot where we are now assembled, on “The Sin and Danger of Self-Love,” and in his preface to it, addressed “To his loving Friends, the Adventurers for New England, together With all Well-Willers and Well-Wishers thereunto,” we have at once the most satisfactory evidence of his appreciation of the enterprise,—of its difficulties, its exigencies, and its issues,—and of his faith, his fortitude, and his philanthropy ; and of the moral power which his character and standing gave him with his cotemporaries.

In enforcing the precept of his text : “Let no man seek his own, but every man another’s wealth,” after reminding his suffering brethren that “the country was yet new, the land untilled, the cities not builded ;” and that they were “compassed about with a helpless people,—the natives of the country,—who could not help them ;” and adverting to the dreadful mortality which had already, within the first year, swept one half their number to the grave, he asks : “Is this a time for men to begin to seek themselves ? Paul saith that

men in 'the *last* days' shall be lovers of themselves ; but it is here yet but the first days, and, as it were, *the dawning of this new world* ! It is now, therefore, no time for men to look to get riches, brave clothes, dainty fare ; but to look to present necessities. It is now no time to pamper the flesh, live at ease, snatch, catch, scrape, and pill and hoard up, but rather to open the doors, the chests and vessels ; and say : Brother, neighbor, friend, what want ye ? any thing that I have ? Make bold with it ; it is yours to command, to do you good, to comfort and cherish you ; and glad I am that I have it for you. Lay away, then, all thought of former things and forget them, and think upon the things that *are*. Look not gapingly one upon another, pleading your goodness, your birth, your life you lived ; your means you had, and might have had. Here you are by God's providence under difficulties ; be thankful to God it is no worse, and take in good part that which is, and lift not up yourselves because of former privileges. *When Job was brought to the dunghill he sat down upon it* ! Consider, therefore, what you are now, and whose you are. Say not : I *could* have lived thus and thus ; but say : Thus and thus I *must* live ; for God and natural necessity require, if your difficulties be great you had need to cleave the faster together, and comfort and cheer up one another, laboring to make each other's burdens lighter. There is no grief so tedious as a churlish companion ; and nothing makes sorrows easy more than cheerful associates. Bear ye, therefore, one another's burthen, and be not a burthen one to another. Avoid all factions, frowardness, singularity, and withdrawals ; and cleave fast to the Lord, and to one another continually. So shall you be a notable pres-

ident\* to these poor heathens whose eyes are upon you, and who very brutishly do daily eat and consume one another through their emulations and contentions. Be you, therefore, ashamed of it, and win them to peace both with yourselves and one another by your peaceable examples. So also shall you be an encouragement to many of your Christian friends in your native country, to come to you when they hear of your peace and love and kindness that is amongst you. But above all it shall go well with your souls when that God of peace and unity shall come to visit you with death, as he hath done many of your associates,—you, being found of Him not in murmurings, discontent and jars, but in brotherly love and peace, may be translated from this wandering wilderness unto that joyful and heavenly Canaan.”

From these tones of authority and love—of mingling thunder and music—with which the discourse closes, we turn to its preface, written, it would appear, after his return to England. It was addressed to the English public in reference to the enterprise, and to the company of “Adventurers” by whose pecuniary aid the work had been begun:—

“It pertaineth not to my purpose,” said he, in addressing the former, “to speak any thing either in praise or dispraise of the country ; so it is by God’s providence that a few of us are there planted to our content, and have, with great Charge and difficulty, attained quiet and competent dwellings there. Thus much I will say for the satisfaction of such as have any thought of going hither to inhabit: that, for men who look after great riches, ease, pleasures, dainties and jollity in this world,

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\* Guardian power.

I would not advise them to come there, for, *as yet*, the country will afford no such matters. But if there be any who are content to lay out their Estates, spend their time, labors and endeavors *for the benefit of them that shall come after, and in desire to further the gospel among these poor Heathens*, quietly contenting themselves with such hardships and difficulties as by God's providence shall fall upon them, being young and in their strength, such men I would advise and encourage to go, *for their ends cannot fail them.*"

He then turns to those who had embarked their property in the undertaking, and who were revolving the question of continued support. And with a tact which, for its knowledge of human nature and its display of Christian spirit, reminds one of Paul winning his way to the hearts of Festus and Agrippa, (Acts 26 : 26 et seq.,) he proceeds : "And you, my loving Friends, the Adventurers to this Plantation ; as your care has been, first to settle religion here, before either profit or popularity, so I pray you go on to do it much more ; and be careful to send godly men though they (should) want some of that worldly policy which this world hath in her own generation. I rejoice greatly in your free and ready minds, to your powers, yea, and beyond your powers, to further this work ; that you thus honor God with your riches ; and I trust you shall be repaid again, double and treble, in *this* world : yea, and the *memory* of this action shall *never die*. Be not, therefore, discouraged ; for no labor is lost, nor money spent which is bestowed for God. Your ends were good, your success is good : and your profit is coming even in this life ; and in the life to come much more. "And what shall I say now ? A word to men of understanding sufficeth.

Pardon, I pray you, my boldness ; read over the ensuing treatise, and judge wisely of the poor weakling. And the Lord, the God of sea and land stretch out his arm of protection over you and us, and over all our lawful and good enterprises either (in) this or any other way."

The poor weakling, as he calls the discourse in which he had sought to reconcile the colonists to the conditions to which they had been obliged to submit in their engagement with the Adventurers, and to cheer them onward amid their discouragements, is, without doubt, one of the ablest discussions of the subject to be found from any pen. But partly because his modesty led him to fear it might be judged too rude and unlearned for that "curious age," and partly because he would have nothing esteemed by names, he gave it to the world anonymously, and merely as from one of the members of the colony. "If any good or profit arise to thee, (addressing his reader,) in the receiving of it give God the praise ; and esteem me as a son of Adam subject to all such frailties as other men :'" "*I seek no name.*"

Such, my kindred, was the character, and such were the services of the "Pilgrim" who was our common father. His life was spent, even to its close, in the cause of American colonization ; and especially in the service of the colony here planted, to which he had given his earliest labors. And if any thing were wanting to complete the demonstration of his absorbing interest in it, and his unfaltering confidence in its success despite the appalling discouragements which attended its beginning, it would be supplied in the fact that after his survey of the actual condition of things here, and on his return to England, as required, to make report to the

“Adventurers,” he left behind him his only son—his “*Isaac*”—then of the tender age of fourteen years, in the guardianship of the colony, as a pledge of his confidence in its eventual prosperity, and as a hostage of his own return to share with his brethren the difficulties with which it was struggling.

His expectation, however, was not realized. He died at the post of sentry, watching over its interests near the seats of power, and found his grave in the land of his birth. The news of his death reached this place by the same conveyance that brought the tidings of the decease of the loved and venerated pastor, Robinson ; and they seem to have been equally mourned.

“Instead of the fathers shall be the children.” The son whom he left behind him became his representative among the Pilgrims, and inherited, through a long life, the affection they had bestowed on his father.

His name was Thomas. He married Mary, the daughter of Isaac Allerton, one of the most influential and honored of the Pilgrims. She herself was one of the emigrants of the *May-Flower*.

Thomas Cushman and Mary Allerton, then, so far as actual residence in this country is concerned, are the “Abraham” and the “Sarah” of our race. Their lives, from their youth, were passed amid the scenes on which we look to-day ; and their mortal relics slumber, side by side, on yonder hill.

During the long period of nearly forty-three years, he held the honorable post of ELDER in this church, with the enviable reputation of a “precious servant of God.”

All that is known of *her* sustains the tradition that she was worthy of being the wife of such a man, and the mother of our “Israel.” Four sons and four daughters

inherited the treasure—the best they had to leave—of their pious example.\* The sons all lived to become the heads of families. Their names were, Thomas, Isaac, Elkanah, and Eleazer. From these have sprung twenty-four Cushmans in the *fourth* generation ; ninety-eight in the *fifth* ; two hundred and eighty-six in the *sixth* ; seven hundred and fifty-eight in the *seventh* ; one thousand three hundred and eighty-four in the *eighth*, most of whom are now living ; seven hundred and fifty-seven in the *ninth*, which is doing well its part in fulfilling the primitive command ; and the probation of nineteen of the *tenth* generation had begun when the book of our census was closed.

Leaving each of you to trace your several pedigrees in the volume which has been prepared, your Speaker will simply say that he himself belongs to the eighth generation : being the son of Job, who was the son of Robert, who was the son of Robert, who was the son of Robert, who was the son of Thomas, who was the son of Thomas, who was the son of the Pilgrim.

Thus, Fathers and Brethren, have we “looked to the rock whence we were hewn.” And who of us is not proud of the quarry ? What better marble did Paros or Pentelicus ever yield ? We have “looked to the hole of the pit whence we were digged.” Who of us would exchange his origin from that humble pilgrim for one of noble or of royal blood ? We have “looked to Abraham our father ;” and we have seen *our* patriarch, when he was “called to go out into a place that he should after receive for an inheritance, *obeying by faith*, and going

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\* Of the daughters, all lived to marry but one. Sarah married John Hawks of Lynn ; Lydia married William Harlow, Jr. ; Mary married a Hutchinson, of Lynn. Fear (“Ffeare”) died young.



out not knowing whither he went." We have seen him, in that faith, offering up his Isaac, and "dying, *not* having received the promises." "But, *having seen them afar off, he was* PERSUADED *of them, and* EMBRACED *them ;* and confessed that he was a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth."

And, verily, we have seen that God *blessed and increased* him. How greatly He has increased him, the glad multitudes, who to-day throng the spot where, two hundred and thirty-four years since, stood *the tabernacle in which he sojourned in the land of promise as a strange country*, may partly show ; and the many thousands written in *this* "book of the Chronicles" will more amply declare.

But to what purpose have we taken this retrospect ?

It is an impressive thought that though the fathers die, and the connexion of intercourse is severed, yet the connexion of *influence remains* ; so that they may be said to live and move and have their being among their descendants. And though the living may not reciprocate that influence to affect their well-being in the spirit land, yet they may go back and gather life and strength from the dust of what they were. So pervading and strong is the pressure of the past on the present—the dead on the living—that if we were to be deprived of what they have ministered and do minister, we should have but little left of character or power. The trees that lift their glories to the summer sky are nursed by what is given from the earth ; the roots that give us *our* verdure spread beneath the sod.

The correctness of this observation is seen in science, and art ; in religion, and manners ; and even in the very judgment and conscience, in which truth and reason

might be supposed to be sufficient to the existing generation without so much reference to what *has* been : and the New England character is at once a proof and illustration of it. Our pilgrim ancestors were, in a high degree, a homogeneous people ; blending, no doubt, the traits of the general English character, and the element of a common faith, with provincial peculiarities and with their own individualities : so that they might be said to have had their type somewhat after the uniformity that marked the dress of the time.

The generation that succeeded them grew up in their likeness. And so, each succeeding one taking, now and then, some modification from some new incident element introduced from abroad or rising in its midst, has inherited and transmitted the elements of the original character ; and thus the old Puritan is still seen blushing through the features that mark the eighth generation of his posterity.

And what is true of the Puritanic descent, as a whole, must be often forcibly so with regard to particular pedigrees. As the peculiarity of using the left hand instead of the right, by one of the tribes of Israel, was the inheritance of a usage originally marking one family ; as particular forms of speech become, by family imitation, the dialect of particular localities which are socially isolated ; so are moral habitudes reproduced, and moral estimates flow down from common parental sources, and mingle in all the waters of the augmenting and widening streams of succeeding generations.

One of the topics of enquiry most interesting to us, therefore, would be to ascertain how far the traits of character which gave individuality to our common ancestor have marked those who have inherited his blood.

We have not time here to pursue the enquiry. The means for such an investigation, both among the dead and the living, will be furnished to a gratifying extent, we are happy to say, in the Historical Geneology. If we do not mistake, the features we have noticed in what has come to us from the old Pilgrim's pen, will be recognized in the productions of living representatives ; while it will be seen that his social and moral traits have been almost universally the traits of his posterity.

We have had occasion to remark upon his unobtrusiveness. Though he was a leader among his people, it was not of his seeking ; he rather shrank from the public eye than courted it. In an "action," the memory of which he believed would never die, he "sought no name." "If any profit shall arise to thee, *give God the praise.*"

Whether his posterity have been more fortunate than himself in reference to the occupancy of leading positions may admit of debate ; but certainly they have never been distinguished as *office-seekers*. Who ever heard of a Cushman that was a demagogue ? So far from it, I doubt if ever one was found with brass enough for an auctioneer.

Whatever may be true of the generation now on the stage, those who have gone before us were certainly an unobtrusive, sober-minded people, who were more anxious to deserve the suffrage of their contemporaries than to possess it ; and were content to obtain, by their industry, the share they sought of this world's good things, rather than by office, place, and power. The great body of them, for successive generations, were tillers of the soil : the son going out, after the example of the father, to take new land and subdue it. The song of the plowman mingled with the sound of the axe ringing out from

primeval forests. Their evening hymn went up from homes amid solitudes ; and when the story, often rehearsed, of the sufferings and the virtues of their fathers had been repeated to their children, and all commended to the care of Heaven, they sought, contented and thankful, the weary husbandman's early repose.

“ Far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;  
 Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
 They held the noiseless tenor of their way.”

*But the wilderness and the solitary place were glad for them ; and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.* If the name has not been distinguished by the workings of ambition, it is much to us that it has never been made infamous by crime ; if it has been seldom emblazoned on those heights reserved for political aspirants to reach, it is matter for congratulation that it has been sought for, throughout its generations, in vain among the records of the fallen. A solitary instance only, I believe, has been found in which, for some minor offence, it has been connected with the violation of the laws. And surely, my kindred, it is better for us than honors or estates, that they have left us an unsullied name.

But they have left us more : there is value in their example. Their industry, their frugality, their contentment, their piety, were virtues we cannot too often contemplate ; too much admire ; or, too earnestly emulate. Though their lives, then, may have been “ unknown to fame,” still let their memories be cherished by us for the benefit of their ancestral example. By others let them be forgot.

But the world must not forget the Pilgrim. We lift our voice against such wrong ; and we have come here

to-day to protest against the injustice of history, and to do what we can to repair it. We protest against the ingratitude which has left his name to die out of the land ; and we have come to do what we may, with filial love and patriotic gratitude, to give him that position, in the eye of coming generations, which his virtues and his services deserve.

As we have before said, the histories,—especially the later histories of our country,—have hardly given a place for the solitary inscription of his name. It stands, indeed, in some of them as having been borne by one of the men employed in the initial movements of the church at Leyden towards a settlement in America ; and that is all :—unless we except the implication in some of them that *timidity* rather than necessity withheld him from the number who were passengers in the May-Flower !

But verily there is some palliation for this curt dismissal by the historian after the oblivion in which our patriotism has left him. We sometimes speak of the “ caprices of fortune ;” and may we not speak of the caprices of *fame* ? For caprice it has been, or accident rather than design.

But how strange,—how passing strange that the man who was the chief instrument in the first settlement of New England, as is clear from his having been the uniformly appointed agent of the Pilgrims whoever else was associated with him ;—the man whom, at his death, Governor Bradford acknowledged to have been the colony’s “ *right hand* ;” —the man who first vindicated the enterprise to the world through the Press, and made the first public appeal that was made to the Protestant Christians of England in behalf of the religious interests of the Aborigines of America ;—the man who, to save the

colony from the perils to which he saw it exposed, wrote and delivered,—though neither Minister nor Elder,—the first sermon ever published from a New England man, and the first ever written on New England soil ;—the man whose devotion to the safety and comfort of the first company of emigrants led him to forego a passage for himself and his family in the vessel which he had himself provided,—the *May-Flower*,—and take his own passage in the rickety *Speedwell* ; and after her third failure, to disembark to look after and share the fate of those who must be left behind ; and who, after he had reached the colony consented to spend year after year, not only separate from his brethren, but separate from his only child that he might be their “right hand” with the Adventurers, and watch over their interests near a jealous and intolerant throne,—how, strange, I say, that such a man should have been so little honored, and now so little known among the people who have enjoyed the fruits of his sacrifices and toils ! While Carver and Brewster, successively his associates in negotiation ;—while Bradford, and Winslow, and Standish, and Hopkins, and I know not how many others of his fellow-laborers have been remembered and honored in the names of towns and counties ;—while the pilot, even, the benefit of whose skill he surrendered for the safety of others, has been immortalized in the name of yonder island ;—while even the very loafer, Billington, who “slipped in” among the Pilgrims at Southampton and “was of no benefit to the colony,” has been saved from merited oblivion by yonder “Sea ;”—while History and Poetry, and Sculpture and Painting have been vying with each other in homage to “the fathers of the nation ;” and while hardly a fourth rate politician has risen to bluster about “liberty” and

the “glory of America,” whose name has not been perpetuated as the appellation of some portion of its territory,—*that name*, to which New England and the country owe more, if we speak of generative influence, than to almost any other on the page of her history or the map of her soil, is, to this day, unborne by any county, or town, or island, or mountain, or river, or rill in America ! The only monument yet found, from ocean to ocean of her wide domain, is in the hearts of his children.

And shall it be so forever ? Forbid it, gratitude ; forbid it, patriotism ; forbid it, Heaven ! Forbid it, ye who now bear that name ; forbid it ye, of whatever name, whose hearts now throb with the Pilgrim’s blood ; forbid it, ye living ; forbid it, ye unborn ! We disinter from the dust of ages a name that was not born to perish : protect it, ye living, from its past unmerited doom. Raise high on yonder hill, where the ashes of his family rest,—his own ye may not reach,—the monumental stone that shall speak his worth to coming times, and show that *ye* were not ungrateful.

And you, Posterity, we commit the vestal charge of his fame to you ! We go—we go, to rest with the fathers. And when the places that now know us shall know us no more, ye shall realize “the benefits of them that shall come after,” in the faith of which the Pilgrim died.

The time shall come, *it shall come*,—though centuries intervene, though nations perish to prepare its way,—when Truth shall vanquish error ; when Justice shall preside at seats of power ; when Ambition shall ask for her laurels at the hand of Virtue. And then shall Fame, having learned new lessons on greatness and glory, re-arrange the ornaments of her temple, and set men of beneficence above men of blood : “The names of the wicked shall rot, but

the memory of the just shall be blessed.” Then shall be second deaths on earth : then shall be resurrections ! Then the *Right Hand* of Plymouth’s Pilgrims shall be seen again among the living. Their leader shall resume his place on the deck of the May-Flower ; and, as she floats along the stream of ages, generation shall vie with generation in grateful acknowledgment of his services and homage to his worth : the memory of *his* actions shall never die ; and the name of the man who sought no name shall be immortal.





# THE CELEBRATION.



# THE CUSHMAN CELEBRATION,

At Plymouth, Mass., August 15, 1855.

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## PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

By the invitation of Hon. Henry W. Cushman of Bernardston, (who had then nearly completed a genealogy of the Cushman Family,) a meeting of a few of the descendants of ROBERT CUSHMAN, the PURITAN, was held at the Adams House in Boston, on the 13th of December, 1854, to consider the subject of a general meeting of the family. The proceedings of that meeting are fully stated in the following Circular, which was issued soon after.

### CIRCULAR.

BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1855.

DEAR SIR :

At a meeting of a few of the descendants of Robert Cushman, the Pilgrim, held at the Adams House in Boston, on the 13th of December, 1854, Rev. Robert W. Cushman, D.D., Chairman, and Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, Secretary, it was

“ *Voted*, That Messrs. Henry W. Cushman of Bernardston, Charles Cushman of Boston, and D. A. Cushman of New York city, be a Committee to call a meeting of the descendants of Robert Cushman, the Pilgrim, whether of that or other names,—and those connected with them by marriage, at such a time and place as they shall think proper, to consider and act on the subject of a great family meeting at old Plymouth some time during the ensuing summer.”

Pursuant to the duty thus assigned us, the undersigned invite you to attend a meeting at the hall of the American Academy in the Athenæum Building, Beacon street, Boston, (near the Tremont House,) on Thursday, the 15th day of February next, at 11 o'clock, A.M., for the purposes specified in the foregoing vote.

The objects of the proposed meeting at Plymouth are, generally :—

1st. To form an acquaintance with each other and enjoy the benefits and pleasure of social intercourse, and to hear such addresses and other services as may be arranged for the occasion.

2d. To stand on Plymouth Rock, where our ancestors first landed in America: to visit the spot where "Robert Cushman preached the first sermon in New England that was ever printed," and to bow in veneration at the grave of Elder Thomas Cushman, "that precious servant of Christ," and his wife, Mary Allerton, who "was the last survivor of those who came over in the May Flower in 1620."

3d. To make arrangements to erect a monument at Plymouth to the memory of our ancestors Robert and Thomas Cushman, and, if desirable, to form an Association of their descendants for that and other purposes.

The early completion of a "Historical Genealogy of the Cushmans," (now in press,) by one of our number, seems to render the coming summer a fit and proper time for such a meeting, if such an one is ever to be held.

We trust you will not fail to be present at the meeting at Boston, or be represented by some member of your family, or some relative of your neighborhood.

If you cannot be present, will you please to communicate to the Chairman of the Committee your views of the proposed meeting at Plymouth, and whether you and your family will attend it.

An *early reply*, advising us who will attend the meeting at Boston, is particularly requested.

We are, with great respect, your kinsmen and friends,

HENRY W. CUSHMAN,	} Committee.
CHARLES CUSHMAN,	
D. A. CUSHMAN,	

Agreeably to the foregoing Circular, a meeting was held at the Athenæum in Boston, on the 15th of February, 1855, at which Hon. HENRY W. CUSHMAN presided, and B. H. CUSHMAN of Winthrop, Me., was chosen Vice President, and Dr. NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF of Boston, Secretary.

The meeting was well attended by delegates from all the New England States, and from the State of New York; and for the first time, for many years, an Allerton,—a descendant of Isaac Allerton, of the May Flower,—was seen in New England.

After a full and free discussion of the subject, a Committee of fifty was appointed to invite all the descendants of Robert Cushman, the Pilgrim, to attend a meeting at Plymouth on the 15th of the ensuing August.

A Committee, of which CHARLES CUSHMAN of Boston was Chairman, was appointed to report at that meeting on the subject of erecting a MONUMENT to the memory of Robert Cushman, the Puritan, of his son, Elder Thomas Cushman, and of Mary Allerton, wife of the latter.

Subsequently the Committee of Invitation issued the following Circular.

CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE DAY WHEN ROBERT CUSHMAN FIRST SAILED FOR AMERICA.

C I R C U L A R .

*To the Descendants of Robert Cushman, the Puritan, and their Family Connections.*

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS :

At a preliminary meeting of the descendants of our Pilgrim Ancestor held at Boston on the 15th of February last, the following Resolutions, presented by Rev. Robert W. Cushman, D.D., of Boston, were unanimously adopted :—

*Resolved*, By this assemblage of the descendants of Robert Cushman, one of the chief agents in the colonization of this country, that we have heard with high gratification of the undertaking of our kinsman, the Hon. Henry W. Cushman, to prepare a Genealogy of the posterity of that Pilgrim Father ; and that we tender to him our cordial thanks for the service he is thereby rendering to history.

*Resolved*, That although we heartily subscribe to the republican sentiment, that the claim of men to consideration consists in the elements of their own character and not in the source of their blood ; we nevertheless esteem a worthy ancestry as a better inheritance than wealth ; and we therefore regard it as a favor of Divine Providence and a cause for modest pride, that we are descended from one of that truly noble band who laid the foundations of civilization and empire on these shores.

*Resolved*, That, in the prominence of the part which our ancestor took in the counsels, the labors and the sacrifices which gave existence and permanency to the first settlements here, we recognize a debt to his memory which has never been paid. While his coadjutors, from the circumstance of residence in the colonies, have been remembered in history, and their names perpetuated by the soil which his labors and resources were given to secure ; not a district, or town, or river in the land, is yet charged by posterity with preserving his name from oblivion ; although no name was more venerated and loved by his contemporaries.

*Resolved*, Therefore, that we feel it to be a duty, both of filial piety and of patriotic gratitude to the first agent of the Leyden Pilgrims ; the purchaser of the immortal May Flower ; the Plymouth Colony's "right hand" in England ; the principal patentee of one of the first charters on Massachusetts Bay ; the advocate from the press at home, of the aboriginal population ; and the Christian pleader from the pulpit among the colonists here, in behalf of peace and concord ; to do what lies in our power to give the name of ROBERT CUSHMAN its just place in the grateful memories of coming generations.

*Resolved*, That in pursuance of this object we will unite with the rest of his descendants who may be able to assemble at Plymouth, in the Old Colony, on the 15th of August next, in celebrating the day that witnessed the successful issue of his labors and sacrifices, when the May Flower sailed from England ; and that we will, furthermore, share with them in erecting in that place which was the cradle of his hopes, the home of his affections, and the grave of his family, a Monument to his memory.

The undersigned, a Committee of Arrangements appointed at the above mentioned meeting, therefore invite you and your family to meet at PILGRIM HALL, Plymouth, Mass., on Wednesday, the 15th day of August next, (the 235th anniversary of the day on which our Ancestor first embarked for America,) at 10 o'clock, A.M.

The following is an outline of the public exercises anticipated on that occasion :—

The meeting will first be organized by the appointment of a suitable number of Officers ;—after which a procession will be formed, under the direction of a Chief Marshal and Assistants, and proceed to the First Church, (where Thomas Cushman served as Ruling Elder for forty-three years,) where a Discourse will be delivered by Rev. ROBERT W. CUSHMAN, D.D., of Boston, accompanied by the singing of original hymns and other religious exercises. After which the company will dine together, and addresses will be delivered by several distinguished clergymen of our race and by Rev. Isaac Allerton of Chenango, N. Y., (now in the 71st year of his age,) a descendant of Issac Allerton, who came over in the May Flower in 1620, and whose daughter, Mary, is the maternal ancestor of us all.

The afternoon and evening will be spent in visiting the places of historic interest in the town, and in forming an acquaintance with each other.

Thursday morning the company will meet at 9 o'clock at Pilgrim Hall, proceed in a body to the Old Burying Hill Cemetery, and visit the grave of Elder Thomas Cushman and his wife, Mary Allerton, at which place short and pertinent addresses will be delivered ; after which, the Committee previously appointed on the subject of a Monument to Robert and Elder Thomas Cushman, will make a report, and if deemed expedient, an Association will be formed for that purpose.

It is estimated that there are now living near *two thousand* of the name of Cushman, descendants of Robert Cushman, the Puritan, and nearly as many more of other names, who are connected with them by marriage or are the offspring of Cushman mothers. From such a number, may we not have a meeting worthy the *name* and the occasion ?

The completion of a "Historical Genealogy of the Cushmans," by one of our number, seems to render this an eminently fit and proper time for a *great family meeting* of the race.

Come, then, Brethren and Friends ! Come,—not only those who are near the hallowed spot, but all who reside in distant States and foreign lands. Come with your wives and children,—all, of every age and condition in life, who can,—all, who by consanguinity, however remote, are descendants of Robert Cushman, and all those, also, who are connected with them by marriage. Come, also, descendants of Isaac Allerton, the Pilgrim. Though you are few in number, yet we are of one blood.

Come and visit the graves of your Fathers. Come,—on the cccxxvth anniversary of the first embarkation of our ancestor for America, and stand with us on the hallowed ground which was the first home of our forefathers in this country. Make one pilgrimage to the venerated "Plymouth Rock," and to "Pilgrim Hall." Visit with us the spot where "Robert Cushman preached the first Sermon in the United States that was ever printed." And especially let us bow in veneration at the grave of Elder THOMAS CUSHMAN, "that precious servant of

God," and of Mary Allerton his wife, "the last survivor of those who came over in the May Flower,"—and offer up our thanksgivings to God for the purity and piety of their lives; for their labors and sacrifices in the service of the Pilgrim Church, and for the inheritance of their bright and beautiful example during their long lives of Liberty, Holiness and Love.

Another such meeting, in all human probability, will never occur during our lives. Let us then, on that day, meet as brothers and sisters,—members of one family,—and by what we may there experience, become *better prepared for our final gathering in the land of the blessed, where our pious forefathers still live, to welcome the long descending line of their children.*

☞ Maj. Gen. GUSTAVUS G. CUSHMAN of Bangor, Me., has consented to officiate as Chief Marshal on the occasion, to be aided by such Assistant Marshals as may be necessary.

☞ The Trustees of the Pilgrim Society have very kindly granted the use of their Hall at Plymouth, for the proposed meeting.

☞ Those who receive this Circular are particularly requested to extend the invitation to all of our blood, within their knowledge, to attend this meeting.

☞ We are authorized to announce that tickets for the Old Colony Railroad, from Boston to Plymouth and back, can be obtained at the Depot, Kneeland street, Boston, at a *reduced price*, for those who attend the Cushman meeting at Plymouth.

☞ N. B.—You are *particularly requested* to communicate to the Chairman of this Committee, by the 15th of July next, the number that may be expected from your family and other families in your neighborhood, in order that the necessary arrangements may be made for their accommodation at Plymouth. Those who do *not* give this notice must not expect to be provided for.

☞ The Committee of Arrangements will be happy to see descendants of the other Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth on that occasion.

*April 4, 1855.*

#### COMMITTEE.

HENRY W. CUSHMAN,	<i>Bernardston, Mass.</i>
BENJ. H. CUSHMAN,	<i>Winthrop, Me.</i>
BEZALEEL CUSHMAN,	<i>Portland, Me.</i>
HORACE CUSHMAN,	<i>Dalton, N. H.</i>
ISAAC N. CUSHMAN,	<i>Irasburgh, Vt.</i>
X. C. STEVENS,	<i>Barnet, Vt.</i>
EARL CUSHMAN,	<i>Orwell, Vt.</i>
CHARLES CUSHMAN,	<i>Boston, Mass.</i>
FREEMAN L. CUSHMAN,	" "
JULIUS CUSHMAN,	" "
CEPHAS CUSHMAN,	" "
N. B. SHURTLEFF,	" "
SAMUEL A. EATON,	" "
A. C. CUSHMAN,	<i>New Bedford, Mass.</i>
SPENCER CUSHMAN,	<i>Kingston,</i> "
JAMES L. CUSHMAN,	" "



WILLIAM CUSHMAN,	<i>New Braintree, Mass.</i>
JOHN R. CUSHMAN,	<i>Amherst, “</i>
GEORGE H. CUSHMAN,	<i>Lynn, “</i>
JOSIAH CUSHMAN,	<i>Abington, “</i>
R. P. CUSHMAN,	<i>Haverhill, “</i>
HUBBARD RUSSELL,	<i>Malden, “</i>
CHARLES H. PIERCE,	<i>Andover, “</i>
E. P. HATHAWAY,	<i>Freetown, “</i>
E. M. CUSHMAN,	<i>Providence, R. I.</i>
J. ELLSWORTH CUSHMAN,	<i>Willimantic, Ct.</i>
ELISHA CUSHMAN,	<i>Deep River, Ct.</i>
D. A. CUSHMAN,	<i>New York City.</i>
GEORGE W. ALLERTON,	<i>“ “</i>
CHARLES U. CUSHMAN,	<i>Newburgh, N. Y.</i>
ROBERT S. CUSHMAN,	<i>Albany, “</i>
WILLIAM T. CUSHMAN,	<i>Rochester, “</i>
E. C. A. CUSHMAN,	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio.</i>
AMOS DRESSER,	<i>Farmington, “</i>
ROBERT W. CUSHMAN,	<i>Philadelphia, Pa.</i>
WM. H. W. CUSHMAN,	<i>Ottawa, Ill.</i>
J. F. CUSHMAN,	<i>Centreville, Mich.</i>
SIMEON S. CUSHMAN,	<i>Fairfield, Iowa.</i>
PETER N. CUSHMAN,	<i>Prairieville, Wis.</i>
HENRY CUSHMAN,	<i>Fortune's Landing, Minn.</i>
JAMES CUSHMAN,	<i>Barnwell District, S. C.</i>
CHARLES T. CUSHMAN,	<i>Columbus, Ga.</i>
GEORGE F. CUSHMAN,	<i>Cahaba, Ala.</i>
JOHN F. CUSHMAN,	<i>Oxford, Miss.</i>
RALPH CUSHMAN,	<i>Marksville, La.</i>
CHARLES D. CUSHMAN,	<i>California.</i>
JOSEPH CUSHMAN,	<i>Washington Territory.</i>
WILLIAM CUSHMAN,	<i>Southwold, Canada West.</i>
JOHN B. CUSHMAN,	<i>Chili, South America.</i>
CHARLES A. CUSHMAN,	<i>London, England.</i>

About 650 of the above Circular were sent to various members of the Cushman family and their connections in all parts of the United States, Canada, South America and England.

The following Circular was issued, calling a meeting of the above mentioned Committee of fifty on Invitation.

DEAR SIR :

At a preliminary meeting of the descendants of ROBERT CUSHMAN, the Pilgrim, held at the Hall of the American Academy, Athenæum Building, Beacon street, Boston, on the 15th of February last, it was voted that a general meeting of all the Cushmans, and all those connected with them, be held at Plymouth,

Mass., on the 15th of August next,—and a Committee of *which you are one*, was appointed to make the necessary arrangements for that meeting.

You are therefore requested to attend a meeting of that Committee, at the Hall of the American Academy, in the Athenæum Building, Beacon street, Boston, on Wednesday, the 21st day of March inst. at 10 o'clock, A.M., to make all the necessary arrangements for the meeting at Plymouth, which, from present indications, will be a large and interesting one.

If, from distance or other cause it is not convenient for you to attend the meeting of the Committee, will you please authorize the Committee who may assemble, to act in your behalf, and to place your name to a Circular of Invitation which it may send out?

A *prompt* reply to the foregoing is *particularly* requested.

I am most respectfully and affectionately yours,

HENRY W. CUSHMAN,

*Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.*

*Bernardston, Mass., March 12, 1854.*

At a meeting held agreeably to the foregoing Circular, a Committee of Arrangements for the Celebration at Plymouth was appointed, consisting of Hon. Henry W. Cushman of Bernardston, Charles Cushman of Boston, Capt. A. C. Cushman of New Bedford, F. L. Cushman of Boston, and Spencer Cushman of Kingston, Mass. Maj. Gen. Gustavus G. Cushman of Bangor, Me., was appointed Chief Marshal for the occasion, and Charles Cushman of Boston, Treasurer.

The following communication was among many acts of kindness and courtesy on the part of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH, JAN. 31, 1855.

TO HON. HENRY W. CUSHMAN,

The undersigned, Trustees of the Pilgrim Society, cheerfully comply with the request contained in your communication of the 26th inst., for the use of Pilgrim Hall as a place of meeting for the proposed assemblage of the descendants of Robert Cushman. No celebration is designed by the Pilgrim Society before the 22d of December next, and such time, therefore, may be designated for your meeting as will best promote the convenience of all concerned, notice thereof being given to William S. Russell, who will facilitate all requisite arrangements desired on your part.

WM. S. RUSSELL,  
WINSLOW WARREN,  
JAMES T. HAYWARD,  
CHARLES G. DAVIS,  
A. L. RUSSELL,  
ABRAHAM JACKSON,  
TIMOTHY GORDON,  
J. L. HEDGE,  
NATH'L B. SHURTLEFF,

*Trustees  
of the  
Pilgrim Society.*

## CEREMONIES AT PLYMOUTH.

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ON Wednesday, the 15th of August, the descendants of Robert Cushman, the Pilgrim, having assembled at Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth, at 10 o'clock, A.M., the meeting was called to order by Hon. HENRY W. CUSHMAN of Bernardston, and Gen. G. G. CUSHMAN of Bangor, Me., Chief Marshal, was introduced to the company. After a few words of congratulation and welcome, on motion of CHARLES CUSHMAN, Esq., of Boston, a Committee of five was appointed by the Chair to report a list of officers for the meeting. That Committee reported, and the following were appointed the permanent officers for the Celebration.

### PRESIDENT.

Hon. HENRY W. CUSHMAN, *of Bernardston, Mass.*

### VICE PRESIDENTS.

BEZALEEL CUSHMAN, *Portland, Me.*  
DON ALONZO CUSHMAN, *New York City.*  
CHARLES U. CUSHMAN, *Newburg, N. Y.*  
Hon. SAMUEL CLARK, *Brattleboro', Vt.*  
ROBERT S. CUSHMAN, *Albany, N. Y.*  
Dr. EARL CUSHMAN, *Orwell, Vt.*  
JAMES CUSHMAN, *Barnwell District, S. C.*  
DAVID CUSHMAN, *West Exeter, N. Y.*  
BENJAMIN H. CUSHMAN, *Winthrop, Me.*  
THOMAS CUSHMAN, *Bridgewater, Mass.*  
HOSEA CUSHMAN, *Buckfield, Me.*

## SECRETARIES.

Dr. N. B. SHURTLEFF, *Boston.*  
 E. M. CUSHMAN, *Providence, R. I.*  
 ALEXANDER CUSHMAN, *New York City.*  
 JOSIAH CUSHMAN, *Abington, Mass.*

## ASSISTANT MARSHALS.

Gen. ARTEMAS CUSHMAN, *Rochester, Vt.*  
 Col. W. H. W. CUSHMAN, *Ottawa, Ill.*  
 Gen. ALVIN BOLSTER, *Rumford, Me.*  
 Capt. CALEB CUSHMAN, *Nantucket, Mass.*  
 Capt. CHARLES F. CUSHMAN, *Canton, Mass.*  
 Capt. JABEZ CUSHMAN RICH, *U. S. Army.*

Dr. N. B. Shurtleff of Boston, and Hon. Henry W. Cushman of Bernardston, were appointed to prepare and publish the proceedings of this Celebration.

The following communication was received from the Trustees of the Pilgrim Society, who had been invited by the Committee of Arrangements to attend the Celebration.

PLYMOUTH, Aug. 11, 1855.

DEAR SIR :

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Pilgrim Society, held last evening, the President had the honor to lay before the Board the invitation of the Committee of Arrangements of the Cushman Family, to join in the celebration on the 15th inst. and to attend the dinner.

It was unanimously voted to accept the invitation, and the Clerk of the Board was directed to convey to you the pleasure with which they accept the invitation. Permit me, dear sir, in fulfilling this duty, to assure you of the interest which the Trustees of the Pilgrim Society feel in your celebration, and of the desire expressed to assist in any matters in which you may feel the need of their active coöperation.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES G. DAVIS,  
*Clerk of Board of Trustees of Pilgrim Society.*

Hon. H. W. CUSHMAN,  
*Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.*

A procession was then formed under the direction of the Chief Marshal and his Assistants, escorted by the Plymouth Brass Band, (the arrangement being by *families*,) which proceeded through Court, North and Water Streets to PLYMOUTH ROCK ; thence by Cole's Hill, —where the first Pilgrims were buried,—and thence through Leyden Street, by the spot where ROBERT CUSHMAN preached his sermon in 1621, to the First Church, standing on the spot where originally the first meeting-house was erected, and where the society of the First Church in Plymouth has since continuously worshipped, when the following exercises were had.

### I. VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

### II. ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY MR. CUSHMAN OF TROY, N. Y.

From many a lovely valley, From many a mountain home, From prairie, lake and river, And forest broad we come.	Nor shrunk the timid woman Before the wintry blast.
But not in martial splendor, With gleaming crest and spear, For 'tis no hero worship That brings our footsteps here.	Room for the pilgrim Mother Upon the roll of fame ! Linked with the Christian hero, Inscribe her honored name.
God of our pilgrim fathers ! We bless thy mighty hand That on the stormy waters Sustained that dauntless band.	For all their meek endurance Beneath thy chastening rod, For lives so pure and holy We bless our fathers' God.
Unharm'd, the trusting pilgrims, Through many a peril passed,	May we, their heirs, inherit A blessing from on high ! And learn from our forefathers Like them to live and die.

### III. PRAYER.

BY REV. HENRY CUSHMAN OF PHILLIPS, ME.,—(THE OLDEST CLERGYMAN OF THE NAME.)

### IV. READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY REV. RUFUS S. CUSHMAN OF ORWELL, VT.

## V. HYMN.

BY SAMUEL DAVIS, ESQ.—(Selected for the occasion.)

Let children learn the mighty deeds,  
 Their Sires achieved of old ;  
 And still, as time to time succeeds,  
*To them the tale unfold.*

Here while we fondly trace the scene  
 This joyous day recalls,  
 Let youth with reverend age convene  
*Within these hallowed walls.*

Their pious toils, their just rewards,  
 Returning tributes claim,  
 While faithful history records  
*Each venerable name.*

Here first the temple's votive fane,  
 Aspiring, sought the skies,  
 And here Religion's exiled train  
*Bade sacred altars rise.*

Let musing strangers view the ground,  
 Here seek tradition's lore,  
 Where Pilgrims walked on holy ground,  
*With God in days of yore.*

Let children emulate their deeds,  
 Their choral praises sing ;  
 So shall the muse, as time proceeds,  
 Her meed of incense bring.

## VI. ADDRESS.

BY REV. ROBERT W. CUSHMAN, D.D., OF BOSTON.

## VII. PRAYER.

BY REV. ISAAC ALLERTON OF CHENANGO, N. Y.

GREAT JEHOVAH, it is the humble desire of thy frail children to have audience with thee, and to know by blessed assurance that we are thine ; thy hand has ever been our support, and the atoning merit of thy beloved Son, has, in all ages and circumstances, been the strong tower where thy children have reposed in safety.

Oh, Lord, we thank thee that thou hast apportioned to our forefathers and mothers the seeds of thy grace, which quickeneth the dead in sin to a new and spiritual life, which is bounded by the eternity of thy own existence, and which, blessed be thy name, is ever hid safely in the faithful keeping of thy Son, who loves his own even to the end. And we would adore thee for that seed planted in the bosom of our ancestors, which is of an incorruptible nature ; that they lived in the enjoyment of the plenitude of thy favor ; so, also, have they all died in faith.

Oh, God, we, thy unworthy children, have now arrived at the land of our forefathers on pilgrimage ; it is among ancient tombs and sainted bones we hope to find the graves of our mothers and worthy sires. Blessed Lord, thy Church can scarcely inform us of a providence during thy great administration, so complex as that which sundered a Pilgrim band so soon, and summoned to the grave one half whom thine own hand sustained in the May Flower across the deep waters. Surely thy servants are occupying ground, where, in the days of our Pilgrim fathers, there was disease and death in every humble dwelling, and from which thy holy angels bore to Abraham's bosom one half of thy Pilgrim charge.

Oh, God of our Pilgrim fathers ; it was on this ground a scene of disquietude once pervaded thy American Israel ; thy wrath seemed to smoke against thine own anointed, and did contribute, mixed with mercy, to effect the enrolment in thy book for the spirit world, of a considerable portion of those who were the first

lights, to bear the reformed religion to this newly discovered world. Many a Rachel has wept here, and many a David has said, "Oh, my son! my son Absalom; would to God I had died for thee, my son! my son;" But oh Lord our God, thou didst spare a remnant of thy Pilgrim Church, which thy right hand has watered and made to increase; and even the desolation of thy spiritual American flock, thou hast made a powerful means of future faithfulness on the part of those who might, with overmuch sorrow here, have been discouraged, and who may have said, the "Lord hath spoiled and forsaken and left us few in number."

We thank thee, oh God, that the red man hath received from our fathers thy holy word; and that in the place where the war-cry was heard, the steam whistle echoes; and where was once the savage pathway, the lightning plays on telegraphic wires.

We adore thee because thou hast caused heart piety to grow here, and thou hast borne its blaze, lighted by holy fire, into every part of this American continent. Oh fan this flame;—the light in which Pilgrims marched erect heavenward, and by which thou hast made the dark valley luminous to thy trembling children. Oh sanctify us for thyself only, and enable us to finish our course with joy, and finally bring us, with our fathers, to thy fair land of promise; and may each of us there strive to make the lowest bow, in a doxology once sung by Pilgrims here on thy footstool, and which will employ the fervor of all the saved, by the atoning merits of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

May we profit by the meeting of kindred and friends; may we take leave of each other in bonds of Christian love; and, oh God, wilt thou hide us, thy children, in thine own pavillion, and may the secret of thy TABERNACLES be our eternal rest. AMEN AND AMEN.

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### VIII. ODE.

BY HON. JOHN DAVIS OF PLYMOUTH.—(Selected.)

Sons of renowned sires,  
Join in harmonious choirs,  
Swell your loud songs;  
Daughters of peerless dames,  
Come with your mild acclaims,  
Let their revered names  
Dwell on your tongues.

Here trace the moss-grown stones,  
Where rest their mouldering bones,  
Again to rise;  
And let thy sons be led  
To emulate the dead,  
While o'er their tombs they tread  
With moistened eyes.

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### IX. BENEDICTION.

BY REV. DR. KENDALL OF PLYMOUTH.

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After the conclusion of the services at the church, the ticket-holders re-assembled in Davis's capacious hall on Main street, where about four hundred people sat down to a collation, provided by Mr. Perry of the Mansion House.

This feature in the arrangement having been concluded, Hon. HENRY W. CUSHMAN, President of the day, excused himself from making any introductory remarks on account of ill-health, and announced the following sentiment :—

*The Day we Celebrate*—The embarkation of Robert Cushman for America. The most important of the great series of important providences of God, by which He seems from the first to have designed the planting on these shores of a great nation, securing the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

This sentiment was responded to by Rev. RUFUS S. CUSHMAN of Orwell, Vt., in an appropriate speech, concluding with a sentiment.

*The Day we Celebrate*—

MR. PRESIDENT :

This day, the anniversary of the first sailing of Robert Cushman to America, carries us back to the time when New England was in its infancy, to the germ of all her present power and civilization. I can see in a glance the contrast with that she now is. No contrast in this line of look can be greater. New England in 1620, New England in 1855. It is life and civilization instead of death and savageism. Humanity in its highest earthly attainments, as yet, instead of roving brutality. Nature developed and cultivated, instead of nature stunted and dwarfed. Then, all was feebleness in the extreme; look, now, the mightiest sight on earth! Her villages nestling among her hills and mountains; enlivened and hallowed by the quiet meeting-house, enriched by the modest school-house, adorned by the neat and opened homes of her generally peaceful citizens; her work-shops the contented and life-yielding home of her inventive and Yankee cultured minds, industrious and enterprising hands; her waterfalls laughingly helping on every good work; her yeomanry free, sturdy, of brave arm and stalwart breast,—owners of the soil,—her colleges, here and there, towering upward to cast over all their elevating and ennobling influences; her Government intent upon the noble work of preventing crime, that they may not have crime to punish or prevent; her soil unstained by the foul plague-spot of Slavery; her whole territory netted and dotted over with the works of art; her population numerous, moral and aspiring,—this is New England as she is. And you know what she was 235 years ago, when thus baptized by her reverend Fathers; when her territory was one vast and quite unbroken wilderness, waving in the breeze and sighing alone the dirge of old and passing time,—the free home of the panther, and of the eagle plunging in solitary grandeur from his rock-built nest,—when the untutored Indian roved over these fields, sported on her lakes and rivers, noble, and yet degraded. With only a little and feeble band here on this Rock planted, is not the contrast striking between New England as she was in 1620, and New England as she now is?



And what has made it? By what agency has this regeneration taken place? Whence comes it that upon this barren soil, under our harsh and frowning skies, there has thus stalked into history, as with the tread of a giant, this great and free land of New England?

The life-seed of all this growth lay there in that little vessel. It was in part planted by our ancestor, Robert Cushman, whose memory we hallow to-day as we look upon the glory of the opened and full ripened result.

But words cannot express this contrast. This toast might well be passed in silence, as too full of sentiment,—fraught with too much of greatness for expression. My “sentiment” is

New England in 1620 and New England in 1855,—the greatest of moral contrast. May it never be less.

Second regular toast :—

*Mary Allerton*—The common mother of all the Cushmans, worthy of her companion, Thomas Cushman, the common father of them all.

The response to this sentiment was by Rev. ISAAC ALLERTON of Chenango, N. Y., one of a considerable number of descendants of Isaac Allerton, several of whom were present.

MR. PRESIDENT :

It is at the advanced age of more than 70 years I am present to greet you upon this Pilgrim soil. It is here, Sir, my ancestors once stood; and it is beneath a surface not far distant, they repose, and have long slumbered in consecrated ground.

It is at this table, where we have, for the first time, and in all probability the last, dined together, I raise my age-worn voice and say, it is good for us to meet and to dwell together in unity; to commence an acquaintance that will result in eternal brotherhood; to feed on the products of a soil once cultivated by hands that were long ago folded for a celestial flight.

It is at Plymouth, the Old Colony, planted by our forefathers, I announce my honored name after the venerable Isaac Allerton, the old Pilgrim; who, 235 years ago this 15th day of August, embarked in the May Flower for this, to him then unknown and unexplored wilderness. Isaac Allerton, with an angelic female, his wife, and Mary, his daughter, who in after time became the chosen and wedded companion of Thomas Cushman, the worthy son of Robert our venerated ancestor,—these, Sir, were precious names, serious minded and courageous heroes and heroines.

Sir, I take a firm stand on this occasion. I have come to Plymouth to vindicate my ancestors; no man shall impose upon your speaker a gag law. I thank high Heaven that Massachusetts is now the cradle of freedom; all generations may profit by the tolerance and logic of Isaac Allerton, the Pilgrim.

Sir, my ancestors were good and loyal subjects "to the powers that be and are ordained of God;" they never, no, never refused submission to the only needed authoritative power. In matters of conscience and religious homage, they acknowledged but one king as head of the Church, and it was to Christ alone they rendered the tribute of a patient and quiet spirit.

Sir, may I not say that Mary Allerton, the wife of Thomas Cushman, was born of and nurtured by an angelic mother. She was the child of the most tolerant and humane, whose virtues live, whose name is greeted from the great city of New York to that of New Orleans,—the grave-yard of America; and this name, Sir, has been passing over great waters for two hundred years. A gallant ship has been launched upon the floods, and in name is a memorial of Isaac Allerton, my ancestor; numerous seaports hail the name of the venerated Pilgrim; and have you, Sir, forgotten the sire of Mary, the mother of this venerable Cushman band? Be that as it may, I must not leave the land of my fathers until I shall have imparted to this assemblage the importance of greater knowledge in the history of your progenitors, and also that you chasten your memory. For my part, Sir, I seem to occupy this platform alone; it devolves on me to bring before you a name that should have been written in capitals on the first page of your history. Suffer me to instruct you! Be ye not offended with my immovable position! Alone, an aged veteran, bearing some scars, and, like my ancestor, having been a martyr by coercive ecclesiastical intolerant domination, I say suffer me to remove the mists and fogs that have too long concealed and strove to roll into oblivion the worthy deeds of Isaac Allerton, the Pilgrim.

His education was respectable, his virtue firm and indomitable, his elocution persuasive; he never, Sir, apostatized from the tolerance and faith of the Pilgrim. Tell me, Sir, or inquire first of those who nicely balance the destination of men, and show me the great moral character who has merited more from posterity than my ancient sire; but I must not require of you, Sir, a task so impossible! my ancestor outweighs a multitude; the scale tells the whole story; none like him equally tolerant amongst that Pilgrim band.

Adjudication against presumed witchcraft, and the State murders perpetrated by good men under the power of "strong delusion;" the intolerant abuse of the men who wore the large brimmed hat, and who said "*thee*" and "*thou*" to a single person;—in these matters, Sir, my ancestor had no share; he employed no intolerant laws, he was no inquisitor, he is therefore pure and clean in heaven; no stain of blood has descended, like the mark of Cain, to crimson the reputation of his posterity. Sir, I bear at Plymouth no bloody memorial, but hold up the flag of my ancestor ever clean and white.

When Roger Williams was remanded from this Commonwealth, on account of his conscientious opinions, Isaac Allerton was the advocate for compassion, and not cruelty, at the altar of Christian toleration; and it is in

glory, Sir, thousands now hail and applaud my virtuous predecessor as a reliever of the oppressed, persecuted, exiled, trembling children of God.

Permit me, Sir, again to bring before you Mary Allerton, the daughter of a sire so worthy; Mary, worthy the high character of her husband, and of the father which begat him; Mary, the mother of all the Cushman race; truly, I may say, "The memory of the just is blessed." How uniform was her character.

I was going to inquire of you, Sir, and ask if she was not one of earth's angels when in the cradle. Oh how eloquently did a matron chime, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;" but where is her cradle now? Rocked by the revolution of our globe, it is, Sir, yonder in the house appointed for all the living. Oh how venerable is that dust, and how blessed is that departed spirit,—absent from the body and ever with the Lord! She lived to a good patriarchal age, and left her legacy to thousands upon thousands on this New England and other distant soils. Peace to my Cushman race, echoed Mary, while a tenant of earth,—a stranger and pilgrim, seeking for herself and children a city and country, whose builder and maker is God.

Sir, Mary Allerton, with her husband, Thomas Cushman, are now occupying a prominent place in two worlds. Heaven, Sir, environs the sire and the matron. It is on earth, Sir, a monument must rise to the name of Cushman, and also to that of Mary Allerton,—the great mother of a posterity in *Earth* and in *Heaven*. The zeal of the Lord in the bosom of a numerous Cushman band will accomplish this.

Sir, your great mother still loves her children; death interrupts, but never dissolves the union of kindred. The holy fervor of a glorified matron invites you to look to the "rock whence ye were hewn,"—to Isaac Allerton, her father. It is his blood, Sir, that circulates warm in Cushman veins.

It is in this place, Sir, as I look over the resolution and the virtues of my ancestors, I seem to behold those venerated names, those then oppressed individuals asking wisdom of God, to direct them in their then great enterprise; I seem, not in fancy, but in spirit, with them when they bent the suppliant knee, and poured into the ear of the God of holiness the incense of a grieved spirit. It is here, Sir, I take a retrospect, I look to the mother land; I behold fond relatives receiving and returning the parting kiss; "fare ye well," were words uttered with a full tide of affection; "farewell" was written on the sand, and left legible in many an aggravated bosom; "farewell, aged kindred, now taking leave of your children, and leaning with sadness upon the top of your staff; farewell home, sweet home, the land of our childhood and of our birth!"

It was then, Sir, the eternal God treasured their incense, which is now perfume in the Holy of Holies. He spread over the conscientious adventurers the broad hand of a protecting providence, gave them strength to weigh their anchor and to spread their sails, and caused them to ride on

the top of foaming waters to this haven, then silvered with the frost and snow of winter; and they found this place prepared by Jehovah for his Church in the wilderness, where our forefathers had protection for a time from the scourge of intolerance.

Sir, I have adverted to the prayers of my ancestors; permit me to announce that they are recorded in the eternity of God's book of remembrance; they have, in their influence, reached the sensibilities of that God man who is ever afflicted at the tribulations of his children.

Those were prayers of faith, that extended eastward, westward, northward and southward, and upward to the throne of the Highest. They have reached and environed posterity; we, their descendants, inherit their mantle, and the bond of God's covenant, strong and luminous, is gathered around us in answer to supplications which 235 years ago flowed from confiding, grieved and agonizing souls. Where, Sir, was the soul of Isaac Allerton, the Pilgrim, then clad in terrestrial attire, and also of his worthy coadjutors and brethren, who through faith in the virtue and patriotism of posterity, subdued a kingdom, wrought righteousness, escaped the growl and roar of the intolerant lion, quenched the violence of the Star Chamber fire, diffused a pure gospel among savage tribes on this continent, and entailed to posterity the seeds of our Federal Union,—the stars of promising States and Territories,—the principles of virtue, and liberty of conscience.

But, Sir, who, with a soul flaming with zeal and holy courage, then uttered those prayers? Why name our forefathers, who once occupied these gardens and fields, who worshipped near these temples, but are now the *Lord's dead*! whose names we bear, and whose memory and very dust we venerate.

Sir, it was near this hallowed spot our fathers shared their scanty meals, reposed on their hard beds, gathered from these wild meadows, and poured out their sweat and blood to cultivate the wilderness. They have labored, and we, their posterity, and even strangers, enjoy the fruit of their toil.

Sir, at this table, I almost wish to behold my ancestors in the flesh, and to mingle with them in earth's bounteous provision; but I ask of Heaven modesty and decorum on an occasion so solemn and interesting. I, therefore, forbear to disturb their slumbering ashes; I dare not be importunate with Jehovah to send from Abraham's bosom to this distracted and bleeding world my kindred now with God; I dare not, Sir, petition glorified souls to alight on these seats with mortals; blessed Pilgrims, safe from the contagion of moral evil, never to hunger more.

Instead of speculating with our imaginations among sainted bones and glorified spirits, rather, Sir, may I, myself, and you, also, aspire after the nobler objects they have attained, practise the holy examples they have left their kindred as a legacy, and direct our hearts and faith upwards for celestial fare, where existence is interminable, and friends and kindred when once congregated are never sundered.

Sir, this earth, the great footstool and thoroughfare for the society of men, will never more recognize all present, as a solemn, festive party of one pulse, of one blood, of one heart. "Our life is a vapor that appears for a little while and vanishes away."

It is, however, the immovable decree of Him whose province it is to shake the heavens and the earth, yea, to shake all nations, that there shall be a great meeting of every nation and kindred and tongue and people;—that meeting, Sir, will not be at Plymouth,—the land of our forefathers,—but before the throne of God and the Lamb.

It is my great business on this occasion, it is the full extent of my mission this day, to unroll and spread before you the great circular, having the signature of Him who was and is to appear. It is on this platform I announce the gathering of the nations and the opening of the books; it is at Plymouth I say to you, Sir, and to my kindred, Come and dine with your forefathers and mingle with angels; come with the staff of your faith erect, with your lamp trimmed, and also having hope as the helmet of your salvation. Be ye strong to bear up under that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. That, Sir, will be the last great meeting, when men and angels will mingle together; its order will be magnificent; its Chief Marshal will surely be in attendance, his banner will wave in glory and in majesty; countless stars, once fallen, but recovered by redeeming influence, will be his crown; his name,—mighty to save,—will be on every forehead; his aids and assistant marshals, to render that meeting illustrious, will be thrones, dominions, principalities and powers. That, Sir, will be an assemblage of kindred and friends! Isaac Allerton, my ancestor, blessed Mary, his daughter, and the Cushmans, whose graves we propose to visit, are now in heaven awaiting our arrival; and oh, how eloquently will they greet and welcome their children home.

We seem, Sir, to have an interest in the very dust of our ancestors. We venerate *earth's* cold soil as sacred wherever they repose in consecrated ground; we erect monuments to perpetuate their names, their virtues, their tribulations and achievements. But the most sacred interest is that part of our kindred which is immortal, and which also has passed the gate of death, and which, conducted by ministering spirits, has entered into rest

And now, Sir, may we emulate their virtues, possess their spirit of holy sympathy and toleration; may we meet in one general assembly, worship God with our forefathers, and ultimately shake hands and eat bread in Heaven, "where there is neither Jew nor Greek; where there is neither bond nor free; male or female; but all are one in Christ Jesus."

The President then introduced to the company SAMUEL ADAMS EATON, Esq., of Boston, who delivered in a very eloquent manner the following

## ORIGINAL POEM.

Stern browed oppression, through the realms of space  
 Crushed hearts relentless. Robbed of every grace,  
 The tyrant ruled with fierce, despotic sway,  
 And moral darkness clouded mental day.  
 Progression lingered in the march of Time,  
 When Cushman sought New England's stranger clime ;  
 That spirit chained upon the parent sod,  
 Sought in the wilds communion with its God.

Her whitened sail the pilgrim bark had spread  
 When every hope the pilgrim heart had fled.  
 Angels wove garlands of eternal light,  
 With beams of day, and stars plucked from the night.  
 They sang soft pæans of extatic cheer—  
 They chided sorrow—they dispelled each fear.  
 Faith's finger traced in characters of flame  
 Upon the sky, New England's future fame.

In churches lofty, and not made with hands,  
 In troublous hour the sturdy pilgrim stands.  
 No sculptured temple raised its walls on high ;  
 God's towering arches pierced th' o'erhanging sky.  
 The forest oaks the woodman's axe ne'er felled  
 Where the first anthems of our fathers swelled—  
 They rose in grandeur, in their native pride,  
 And bowed to Heaven, majestic side by side.  
 The fretted dome of the eternal sky,  
 Clouded in darkness, met the pilgrim's eye.  
 Hope's smiles were heavy—Faith's o'erburdened heart  
 Watched for the light, but found the darker part.  
 No gleam of joy, the darkness to dispel,  
 Bade angel voices whisper, "ALL IS WELL."  
 Calmly they bowed beneath th' afflicting rod  
 That tried their faith and bound them to their God.  
 Earth has not seen, from nature's noblest mould,  
 Such men—ay, women, as that stricken fold.  
 Ask ye their sorrows ? Salt, unbidden tears  
 From spirit fountains gushed, through ling'ring years.  
 The soul's great charter, wrested from their hands,  
 Drove them to roam from homes and native lands.  
 Religious Freedom—ah ! how dearly bought—  
 Free right to worship—was the boon they sought.

Unchained to kneel at the Almighty throne ;  
 In God's high presence to stand up—alone.  
 They asked no right of others to destroy,  
 Who sired the freedom that we now enjoy.

Think not their mission ended with their days ;  
 A golden twilight hung upon the rays  
 Of brightest glories that embalmed their fame,  
 As history grasped the lustre of their name.  
 The Pilgrim Fathers—Champions of the right,  
 Rev'ling in beams of Heaven's Promethean light,  
 Shall live immortal. Time shall pass away,  
 While yet the memory of their deeds shall stay—  
 Stay in fresh verdure—gathering grace with age—  
 To bloom forever upon history's page.

Forgotten—No ! their children shall arise,  
 And loud thanksgiving rend the echoing skies—  
 Not lulled to quiet—Earth still feels the shock  
 That shook its centre from the Plymouth Rock.  
 There, Freedom dared, and did assert its right,  
 And Christian warriors waged a Christian fight ;  
 There gathered priests—and incense did arise  
 From freedom's altar, their first sacrifice.  
 'Twas bathed in blood—wrung from bold spirits then—  
 The pile was lighted by the hands of men.  
 December snows chilled not those hearts of oak,  
 As sorrow's tempest madly o'er them broke.  
 Their hands unmailed, wielded the sword of truth,  
 And grey-beard age renewed the fire of youth—  
 Those manly heroes—all in vain at last,  
 We seek their fellows through the buried past.

'Tis not my task to blazon forth their praise,  
 More than give lustre to the noontide rays.  
 'Tis not my folly ; vain presumption, bold,  
 But paints the lily—gilds refined gold.  
 Rashly, I linger with the honored dead,  
 But will not rush where angels lightly tread.  
 The Pilgrim Fathers ! Reverently gaze  
 And mark their virtues—silent, in amaze,  
 Ope not your lips—their sorrowing tale to tell,  
 Who came from trial, saying, " All is well."  
 Ye need not picture how despair's embrace

Welcomed that father of the Cushman race :  
 Ye need not say that shepherd sought his flock,  
 And based his hope on the eternal rock.  
 No other shelter than the immortal arm  
 Sustained his spirit—banished all alarm.  
 Behold—he stands—the Puritan, the sage,  
 That preacher Cushman of the Pilgrim age !

Think not his memory lingers in the shade,  
 With things forgotten and about to fade.  
 Immortal brightness and undying light  
 Enshrine in glory champions of the right.  
 Religious freedom marshals serried ranks,  
 The elder Robert liveth in their thanks.  
 Say in your hearts shall all his goodness die,  
 With thankless children shall his virtues fly,  
 Or, will you emulate his spotless fame  
 And bring new glories to his deathless name ?

Ingrate to justice, faithless should I prove,  
 Withholding here the tribute due to love.  
 The guardian spirit of our brightest schemes,  
 Perennial sunshine, woman ever seems.  
 Think not her mission bore no envious part,  
 Nor winged bright hope into the pilgrim heart ;  
 Think not her eyes, by heaven ordained to smile,  
 Beamed not with mercy and with joy the while ;  
 Think not her faith quailed in the fearful strife,  
 No fickle frailty marked the pilgrim wife.

I love the theme. The poet's art I crave,  
 " Last at the cross and earliest at the grave ;"  
 Woman, for thee to twine a tribute meet,  
 Thy just reward is at the judgment seat.  
 Exhaustless wealth seems beggared at thy claim,  
 Words, words are bankrupt when they write thy fame.  
 Eden lacked glory till thy graces beamed,  
 And with thy advent bright perfection streamed,  
 Bathing the world in floods of gentle power,  
 That made thee queen of every passing hour.  
 Woman ! thy faith, thy truth, thy love shall stand  
 A bright memorial of the Pilgrim band,  
 Till tottering Time shall end his destined race  
 And helpless, court Eternity's embrace.



Forgotten ! no ! thy virtues, all sublime,  
 The brightest jewels in the crown of time,  
 Shall glitter still where chaos holds domain,  
 And endless ages bow beneath thy reign.  
 The sacred tears by beauteous Bradford shed,  
 Are clustered diamonds on an angel's head,  
 Bright gems for heaven eternally to shine,  
 Paling the baubles of Golconda's mine.  
 Martyrs of freedom—passing clouds of shame,  
 Pierced by the sunlight glory of your fame,  
 Are rent asunder. Allertons arise  
 With hearts' devotion, myriads to surprise.  
 The sainted Mary of that honored name,  
 A pilgrim child with the "May Flower" came.  
 First to the cause she wedded woman's hand ;  
 Last of the faithful, sought that better land ;  
 A life of virtue—a triumphant death !  
 No pang at parting save the struggling breath,  
 Marked her career ; immortalized the end  
 Of pilgrim daughter, mother, wife and friend !

Woman, though sin assailed thee not in vain,  
 Thy pleading brought redemption back again ;  
 Though Eden lost, thy fickleness reprove,  
 A heaven on earth is lighted by thy love.  
 This was the sunshine of the pilgrim's life ;  
 This was the peace repaid the spirit's strife.  
 Vain man, on woman set no mortal price,  
 She glads the earth and opens paradise !

Time chides me now. Children of Cushman stock,  
 Why have you gathered here at Plymouth Rock ?  
 To boast the glory of the illustrious dead—  
 To mark the grandeur of those spirits fled ?  
 To sound their names with vaunting tongues of praise—  
 To note their glories—list the poet's lays ?  
 Their disembodied shades may hover round  
 And drink the nectar of each grateful sound ;  
 Their joys may waken, each familiar scene,  
 By memory's pencil tinged with living green ;  
 May live again—and fain enhance the bliss  
 That glads remembrance in a scene like this.  
 In other words mayhap a joy is found  
 When Zephyrs, laden with endearing sound,

Rehearse the virtues that have passed away,  
 And point the present to that olden day ;  
 But let us proudly to the future give  
 Not idle words, in reverence to live ;  
 Light in your homes—on household altars, fires,  
 By deeds prove worthy of such glorious sires.

The Chair then announced the following sentiment :—

*The Orator*—In “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” he vindicates his descent from the Pilgrim stock.

In his response, Dr. Cushman began by playfully asking the President if he might give them the balance of his oration as his contribution to the entertainment; for he really had nothing else prepared. Instead of such a recourse to meet the exigency, however, he would ask their indulgence for a more free and familiar utterance of the feelings inspired by the scene before him. When the speaker, who sat near him, was speaking of contrast, he found his own mind reverting not so far back as 1620 for *his* first extreme, but to 1820, just two hundred years later. And, instead of dwelling on the contrast presented by the country, he was musing on that of his own condition, as he *then* found himself alone in the world, and *now* surrounded by this multitude. *Then* he was an orphan; with no father, no mother, no brother, no sister, no property, no health. A stranger among the graves of his forefathers he was pursuing his studies in the adjoining town during the days and the *nights* of the week; and, on the Sabbath, timidly trying his unskilled voice with the gospel *here* where *now* he found himself greeted with such unmeasured kindness; and surrounded with such a host of fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, that he felt like exclaiming, with emotions of surprise and delight, in the language of the prophet, “Who hath begotten me these, seeing I had lost *my family*, and was desolate, removing to and fro? *Behold, I was left alone, these where had they been?*” He went on to speak of his veneration for the place, and its Pilgrim settlers, and his sense of the kindness which had made him feel so much at home among their posterity; and asked leave to give, as his contribution to the present “feast of reason and flow of soul :”—

*Plymouth's Rock*—The rock whence *we* were hewn.

The next regular toast was :—

*The Pilgrim Society*—“Representative men” of the noblest constituency. We tender them our thanks for the service they are rendering to the present and future.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq., of New York, responded as follows :—

MR. PRESIDENT :

It is good to keep *ever green* the memory of our Fathers. Sweet and pleasant it is to come together as descendants of worthy ancestors, and

recall days of "Auld Lang Syne." You, Sir, and these associates have met, as the descendants of a good man of the olden time; one among the oldest of them, who came to found here a colony that has grown, by adherence to the principles of the early settlers, to be a nation that claims to be honored by all other nations on the globe. You meet, too, Sir, on the sacred soil of Plymouth; made sacred by the toils and the tears of the men and women who landed from the May Flower.

Shall we, Mr. President, who live in these luxurious days, be enabled, in any popular degree, to realize the sufferings of our forefathers? As I walk through these sands, or stand on the "Rock," or ramble over these hills which on every side surround us, I feel, more and more keenly, the heroism of the Puritan Fathers of New England. The scene is beautiful indeed, now. From the various summits around, the eye rests on many habitations of the white man. When Cushman was here, he and his associates looked from these now fertile valleys, but then all barren, to the hill tops, and saw there the dark face and manly form of the wild Indian; and as they looked, they knew not that an arrow was not then pointed to their hearts. Ascend, Sir, the Burial Hill, or Watson's Hill, on such an afternoon as this. No more beautiful view can be found in this land. Sit there and look upon the vast expanse of ocean; guide your eye eastward and see where looms up Cape Cod, the land of sand, and also the land of treasure. The Pilgrims trod those sands, and methinks they left an impress there, as they did here, which abides forever with the soil, and with all who have lived, or who now live, or who shall ever live thereon. Sustained by a faith in God, which nothing could shake, these Pilgrims left their homes and many friends, to seek an abode where they might worship that God as to them seemed right. Directed by an overruling Providence, they were to find that abode on these then inhospitable shores. Here, where roved uncivilized the wild Indian, claiming the territory as his own,—here they came,—manly strength, womanly devotion, and filial dependence. On yonder Rock they stepped, that small company alone, and thus immortalized it to all future time. One hundred souls, the founders of a nation, in mid winter, in a savage land!—Firm, then, were their hearts. They had left home with the prayers of Robinson and of Cushman going up to heaven for their safety. Yet, while the spirit was strong, the flesh was weak, and ere the fair Spring-time opened to show the bright sunlight of God, renovating the barren forests, one half of their number had gone from earth to heaven. Life's labors were ended to many a wearied one. Beneath the sod on Cole's Hill, rest the remains of the brave and the beautiful who died in those cold months. No tombstones there are reared to tell the passing traveller where they rest; but now and then the spade of the workman throws up a precious relic of their remains. Sir, it is holy ground. I approach it ever with veneration, and standing thereon, I anew nerve myself to the duties of life, by calling up the acts of the earliest settlers, based as they were upon the principles of duty.

Mr. President—The story has been often told. Familiar it is to us all; yet it is never tiresome. Orators and poets shall forever find inspiration, while they linger around the sacred graves of the Fathers, or when they read of their noble deeds and nobler daring. The pen and the voice, the canvass, aye, and the sculptor shall bear on to successive generations the story of the Pilgrim Fathers; and ages after we shall have passed on, Plymouth and Cape Cod will be visited by thousands, as they have been visited, before we came to them.

You, Sir, have selected one of the “renowned sires” to be commemorated on this day. I will not complain that you have done so. It is a fitting tribute to the memory of Robert Cushman. It is *graceful*, and beautiful, aye, *it is holy* in his immediate descendants, that they should come here to remember him in this way. Worthy was he to call together a multitude who bear his name; and I will not admit a doubt, Mr. President, that although you have separated him from others who came, yet, standing *here*, if no where else, you will not love the others less, while seeming to honor him the more.

But, Mr. President, the tribute of the voice, or the tribute of money expended on monuments, is not enough. These should not be omitted. But while we build monuments, as it is fitting we should, to perpetuate their memory, we must not forget that the best tribute to our Fathers, is to lead a life worthy of the name we bear.

In this country titles are nothing,—ancestry, in one sense, is nothing,—yet I feel a pride, I confess, when I can trace directly back to the Pilgrim Fathers,—not because they had good titles, or wore a crown,—for they were not of such kind. *Men* of firmness were they and faithful to the dictates of conscience,—men of faith in something beyond mere living,—therefore I feel a pride swelling in my bosom, as I reflect that I come direct from such a parentage. But that pride will be cast into the dust, unless I prove my worthiness to be a descendant, by endeavoring to aim high in duty, and by striving to do the duty that devolves on him, who claims to be a good citizen of the land to which the Pilgrim Fathers came from oppression.

A great change, of course, has taken place since this country was settled. Competency is the lot of most New England men. It is not easy to fix the thought of such hardships as our Fathers had to meet. Forests have been felled; towns have been built where once the Indian wigwams stood; the sand has been made, to some extent, soil, and gives back to the farmer a return for his labor. We live, Sir, in plenty and peace, with none to molest us. No savage yell comes down these hills, where once roamed the red man, and as the years roll on, it may be apprehended that we shall cease to remember them, who early labored that those who come after might have rest and peace. It is, therefore, as I have said, good to come together and recall the past, and dwell on the memory of the good and the

useful who have lived. Their spirits hover around us at all such gatherings. To-day we can, as it were, see the embodied spirit of your immediate ancestor, as from a part of the universe of God he looks down upon this meeting. Look up to him there, and impress it more and more upon yourselves, and let it be still deeper impressed on your children and on their children, that the most worthy tribute to be paid to the memory of the father, is for the child, or the man, or the woman, to live a life of usefulness, of goodness, and of trust, and thus to advance the world to a higher degree of excellence; and then when another 235 years shall have rolled on, and hundreds of millions of freemen shall live in these our United States, and the descendants of Robert Cushman shall meet on this spot, they will still be able to say:—

“ The toils they bore, our ease have wrought,  
 They sowed in tears, in joy we reap;  
 The birthright they so dearly bought,  
 We'll guard, till we with them shall sleep.”

Mr. Warren exhibited to the company a copy of Robert Cushman's sermon, delivered in Plymouth December 9, 1621. This was an English edition, printed in 1622, and was loaned by Edward A. Crowninshield, Esq., of Boston. It is probably the only copy of the first edition in America. The following will give an idea of the title page.

A  
 SERMON.  
 PREACHED AT  
 PLIMMOTH IN  
 NEW ENGLAND  
*December 9, 1621.*  
 In an Assemblie of his  
*Maiesties, Faithful*  
*Subiects their*  
*inhabiting.*  
 WHEREIN is SHEVVED  
 the danger of selfe-loue, and the  
 Sweetnesse of true Friendship.  
 TOGETHER  
 VVITH a PREFACE,  
 Shewing the State of the Country  
 and Condition of the  
 SAVAGES.  
 Rom. 12. 10.  
 Be affectioned to love one another  
 with brotherly love.  
 Writen in the yeare 1621.  
 LONDON  
 Printed by I. D. by JOHN BELLAMIE  
 and are to be sold at his Shop at the two Grey  
 hounds in Corn-hill neere the royall  
 Exchange 1622.—

The Chair then gave the following :—

*Hospitality of the People of Plymouth*—Proverbial, and self-sacrificing, as were the virtues and labors of the first settlers of the “ Old Colony.”

JACOB H. LOUD, Esq., Chairman of the Selectmen of Plymouth, responded to this compliment to the hospitality of the citizens, in a few appropriate remarks, and bid those of the guests who might make it convenient or agreeable to continue their visit, a hearty and cheerful welcome to the homes and households of the people of Plymouth.

Mr. Loud concluded with the following sentiment :—

*Robert Cushman*—The right hand of the body of the Pilgrims :—May his descendants ever be faithful to the trust committed to them by their ancestors.

REV. AMOS DRESSER of Farmington, Ohio, was introduced to the company and made an eloquent speech, and concluded with the following sentiment :—

*Civil and Religious Liberty*—Planted by our forefathers,—watered by their tears, their labors and their prayers :—May the Cushman race never be unfaithful to those great principles of our country.

REV. GEORGE F. CUSHMAN of Alabama being called up, made a speech of more than ordinary eloquence and pertinence, substantially as follows :—

MR. PRESIDENT—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I rise not to make a speech. Indeed, Sir, while standing upon this ground, consecrated and hallowed by the tread of pilgrim feet, I can but feel that a speech would come with but an ill grace from one who has strayed so far from the pilgrim faith, and I fear good old Robert would add, so far from the Pilgrim Fathers. But, Sir, I cannot forbear to say, that there can be no one in this vast assembly, be the other who he may, who rejoices more in this family gathering, or honors more those who originated it and have so successfully carried it through, than does the representative of the Cushman family from the State of Alabama. Sir, we of the South, however we may differ from you in customs, character and institutions, have not forgotten, nor shall ever forget, the many splendid virtues which adorn the New England character, though we ourselves are accused of being careless or prodigal, we none the less admire your thrift, perseverance, and indomitable energy,—your zeal in the cause of morality and education. We are not unmindful of the past glorious history of New England, and we are proud to claim our share in your greatness. No citizen of the South ever stands by the grave of Ashland, or walks by the waters of the Ashley, without reverting in his mind to the great New England patriot and statesman, the noblest Roman of them all. While such

associations as these remain, Sir, we, of Alabama shall be, as we always have been,—

“ To your virtues very kind,  
To your faults a little blind.”

Sir, the South is full of New England blood, and we rejoice in the connection that binds us together. And well we may, if our names are to be inscribed in a genealogy, such as our worthy President, by years of untiring industry, has produced. Sir, I would go further, and instead of these groaning tables, would be content with pilgrim fare, “a little parched corn,” to read my name in the Cushman Record. I trust, brothers and kindred all, I may be allowed to say, and I am sure I do but echo the general voice, that in attempting to rear a monument to the Pilgrim Robert, the distinguished author has unconsciously erected one to himself, more enduring than the brazen statue or the sculptured marble.

But, Sir, I said that I would not make a speech, and upon pilgrim ground I must keep my word. I beg leave to offer the following sentiment, and will then sit down :—

*The Cushman Genealogy*—“ Monumentum ære perennius.”\*

The President remarked that he had in his eye a very distinguished gentleman from a neighboring State, formerly Attorney-General of the United States, and that the company would be highly pleased to hear from HON. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER of New York City.

Mr. Butler responded to this call. After remarking, among other things, that he was neither a Cushman, nor the son of a Cushman, nor the descendant of a Cushman, nor of any other of the Pilgrim Fathers, but a native of New York, deriving his name and lineage, in part, from the Emerald Isle. He said that he had some blood in his veins which claimed near kindred with the Puritan founders of New England. The Irishman from whom he was descended (and who, as he had reason to believe, was among the first who came over with his all in the pack upon his back) settled in Connecticut, and there married, lived and died. And among Mr. B.'s ancestresses there was one who was descended, in a direct line, from John Jones, one of the Judges of Charles the First, who, at the age of 82, suffered, for his part in that act of public justice, the loss of his own head.

Mr. B. said, that in New York they had often heard, and sometimes, as the descendants of the ancient Knickerbockers, thought, a little too often, of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. But he expressed his high gratification, that on his second visit to Plymouth, in quest of repose, recreation and health, he had had the good fortune to be present on an occasion of so much interest. He had been instructed and delighted by the admirable discourse

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\* A monument more lasting than brass.

to which he had listened, commemorating the character and services of Robert Cushman. It was a noble, as well as pious and filial act, to recall history into the path of truth, and to scatter flowers on the graves of a virtuous and honorable ancestry, however remote. He ventured to predict that there was at least one of the name of Cushman whose writings would be preserved, and read, and quoted by posterity.

Mr. B. said he had looked into the mammoth volume just published by the worthy President of this festival, containing the genealogy of the Cushman family. They were told, and so it appeared by the book, that most of the race had belonged to that most useful portion of the community,—the great middle class of our American society,—they were generally farmers and mechanics, whose lives were spent in the faithful discharge of their simple and unostentatious duties. Yet their pedigrees had been carefully preserved, and might now be read in the book of the genealogy of the race. In several other instances, similar compilations had been made of the families of the Pilgrims. Nothing like this could be done, in reference to the same class of men in any country, or among any people, except the people of New England. In Europe, books of heraldry and genealogical tables give you the families of the nobility and of the other privileged classes; but of the common people,—the great middle class,—(and the same thing is true almost every where else,) no family pedigrees, for any length of time, could be prepared. Yet here we had, in the case before us, such a pedigree of a single family of this class for ten generations. The explanation of this marvel was to be found in two facts. First—the descendants of the Pilgrims had all, so much of general education as to be able to read and write, and, therefore, to keep regular and authentic records of their families. Secondly—there was in every family a consecrated place in which this record could be preserved,—the Family Bible. And this Bible was handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter. This Book of Books was loved, and revered, and cherished, and so the family record, within its leaves, was transmitted from generation to generation. These two simple facts explain the whole thing. They also explain how and why it is, that the New England race have not only retained possession of that portion of our Atlantic seaboard originally settled by their Pilgrim Fathers, but that wherever their descendants are found,—and they are found in every State and Territory of the Union,—they have ever been first in every department of active life; first in commerce, in the mechanic arts, and in the learned professions; first of our poets and historians, our orators and statesmen.

Mr. B. would not farther dwell on this thought, but it contained the philosophy of the books of New England genealogies and of the character and success of the New England race. In the spirit of these remarks, he would offer the following sentiment:—

*The Family Bible*—Its printed pages the *Magna Charta* of the Puritans,—its blank leaves their *Book of Heraldry*.



The following sentiment, in reference to Mr. Butler's speech, was sent to the Chair :—

*Our adopted Brother from New York*—If not one of the sons of *Cush*, he has proved himself to be at least half of *us*, by showing himself to be the son of a *man*.

REV. ELISHA CUSHMAN of Deep River, Conn., being called up by the President, addressed the company as follows :—

MR. PRESIDENT :

The thought which chiefly presses upon me, in connection with this scene, is that of *responsibility*. We have come here to pay our respects to the memory of our ancestors ; and here we have had it urged upon us in the oration, sung to us in the poem, reiterated by our friend, the President of the Pilgrim Society, and more than hinted by our *half son*, shall I call him ? who has just sat down, that we now come under a new and special obligation to show our appreciation of our fathers by copying their example, and walking in their footsteps. I fear that some of us will be obliged to make rather long tracks to do that ; and yet I have to confess I see no way of evading the duty.

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“Honor thy father and thy mother,” we are told, is “the first commandment with promise ;” and all the good old Puritan expounders would tell us that this includes our grandfathers and grandmothers, and, of course, all our forefathers and foremothers who are at all worthy of being honored. And how shall we do this ? By “storied urn and animated bust,” the statue and the monument ? Not thus alone, surely, though they may be desirable enough in their place. By high sounding eulogies and great swelling words ? These, certainly, will come very far short of fulfilling the obligation. The claim can only be discharged by a fitting character and life on our part. I have read, not long since, that somewhere “down South,” a gentleman who was engaged in lecturing upon temperance, was followed about by a graceless son, who, as often as his father addressed an audience, was sure to get drunk, and make his way into the hall, if he could. Upon being expostulated with concerning his disgraceful and unfilial conduct, he replied, “You don’t understand it. You see, my father he lectures on the evils of intoxication, and I go as a specimen !” Let us beware how any of us go through the world as specimens of the evils and vices which our fathers lived to rebuke. Another young scapegrace, of whom I have heard, who, though the son of virtuous parents, was himself exceedingly profligate, upon being reminded of the duty to honor his father and mother, answered very coolly, “I do,—I honor them by contrast. I am the *shading* of the picture ; and do you not see how much more brightly the virtues and excellencies of my good father and mother shine, when contrasted with the dark ground which my character furnishes ?” God forbid that we should think of honoring our fathers by any such contrast.

It is related of the Emperor Alexander, that hearing of a cowardly soldier in his army, whose name was also Alexander, he went to him and sternly addressing him, said, "Sir, either change your name or change your conduct." Now, we cannot very well change our names. Well, that is, I should say, we of the masculine gender cannot. Some of our fair kindred, of the other sex, will have a sort of feminine way of doing such a thing, which, I suppose, cannot be helped. Pardon the egotism, however, if I mention that I have had the privilege of saving *one* of them from that destiny,—whether for better or for worse, perhaps it does not become me to say. Hence, my family may be reckoned *double and twisted* Cushmans, upon whom it may be claimed that the obligation to honor the name rests with especial and peculiar weight. We will at least endeavor not to dishonor it. And now let me, in a word, urge upon all who to-day come here to commemorate the virtues of their Pilgrim ancestors, and upon all who trace their descent in this noble line, that they strive to bear the name worthily, by a steadfast imitation and a perpetual reproducing of the same virtues which our fathers embodied, and by which their memories have become so fragrant. I offer you this sentiment:—

*The Cushmans, all and Singular*—While glorying in their noble pedigree, may their characters and conduct be such as to save the race and the name from the reproach of being like a mere use-gathered hill of potatoes, *the best part all under ground.*

GEORGE W. ALLERTON, Esq., of New York City, (a lineal descendant of Isaac Allerton of the May Flower,) gave the following sentiment:—

*The Massachusetts Historical Society*—Usually correct; but very much mistaken when they say in their "Collections" that "with Isaac Allerton the 3d, the race of Allertons became extinct in this country." In the language of the great statesman of New England we would say, "*I still live.*"

Gen. GUSTAVUS G. CUSHMAN, of Bangor, Me., being called upon, responded in substance as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT:

I must say, Sir, that I am not a little surprised at the call you have made upon me for a speech or a sentiment; and if, Sir, you shall be disappointed in either respect, you must shoulder the burden of the responsibility. On other occasions I have been called upon in like manner, and in attempting to honor the draft, I have been so taken up with the speech as to forget the sentiment, and with the sentiment as to give the speech. Sir, had I been called upon to give a sentiment but a moment since, it would have been in relation to civil and religious liberty. But the gentleman from Ohio,—I beg pardon, my kinsman from Ohio,—has been beforehand with me. He

has, however, used the sentiment for one purpose ; it may be I shall be excused in using it for another.

Sir, we hear much said about the bigotry of the early Puritans. But though they were not very tolerant of the errors of their day, what would have been their abhorrence of the monstrous notions which are prevalent in ours? They came here in charge of the principles of civil and religious liberty, and to found an empire for their encouragement and support. By civil liberty they understood *constitutional* liberty, as the covenant they drew up, while yet on board the May Flower, may well witness. For this they endured toils, privations and sufferings. Sir, we trust that their descendants may ever bear this fact in mind, and may ever hold themselves aloof from those spurious notions of liberty which claim to be above Constitutions and above Law. If, Sir, some of these notions shall continue to spread, the descendants of the Pilgrims may yet be called to endure severer trials in defence of civil or constitutional liberty,—for they are one and the same,—than ever did the fathers in its first planting. They who found an empire should carefully nurse and protect this liberty. And may such ever be the office of the descendants of Robert Cushman, the Pilgrim. But, Sir, I will not detain you longer than to give the following sentiment :—

*Civil, or Constitutional, and Religious Liberty*—May the descendants of Robert Cushman be ever ready to say to modern empirics, “hands off!”

Rev. Mr. DRESSER of Ohio, then announced the following sentiment from a volunteer :—

*The Cushman Picture*—The principal characters shine brightest without *any* contrasts. The orator of to-day and the historian of the race have told us that there has never been a rogue in the family.

The response was by Rev. JOB CUSHMAN of Wisconsin, closing with the following sentiment :—

*Our Fathers*—Their faith sustained them amid the sufferings of earth, and conducted them safely to heaven :—may we, their children, contend earnestly for that faith.

The following volunteer sentiment was given by CHARLES U. CUSHMAN, Esq., of Newburg, N. Y., one of the Vice Presidents of the meeting.

*Our Common Father and Mother*—Thomas Cushman and Mary Allerton. Let the stately column rise to mark the spot where their ashes repose ; but the more enduring monument is in the hearts of a grateful posterity.

The festivities of the occasion were closed at six o'clock in the afternoon, when the company, having joined in singing the following Christian doxology, to the tune of Old Hundred, left the hall preparatory to attending a social levee, to which they were invited by the citizens of Plymouth.

DOXOLOGY.

From all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise !  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Davis Hall, in which the dinner was served, was decorated for the purpose. The following sentences, neatly painted upon cloth, were arranged on the walls :—

“ We have come in our prosperity to remember your trials.”

“ A noble colony of devoted Christians, whose planting has changed the history of the world.”

“ They founded a great realm, an imperial patrimony of liberty, the first effectual counterpoise in the scale of human right.”

“ Victims of persecution ! how wide an empire acknowledges the sway of your principles.”

“ And here, on the spot where New England began to be, we come to learn of our Pilgrim Fathers a deep and lasting lesson of virtue, enterprise, patience, zeal and faith.”

Those who partook of the collation were seated at parallel tables, which occupied the principal part of the hall, the Committee of Arrangements, officers of the day, orator, and invited guests, (among whom were the officers of the Pilgrim Society,) being upon a raised platform.

After the collation, a large portion of the company devoted a short time in visiting the various places of interest in the town. At different points throughout the town, mottoes and emblems were tastefully displayed. Near the station-house was placed this inscription :—

“ Welcome to the home of the Pilgrims.”

From the top of Pilgrim Hall waved in good taste a large white flag bearing the representation of a pine tree, painted in natural colors. Upon the front of the building was inscribed,—

“ PILGRIM HALL.

While in the waste of ocean  
One hoary rock shall stand,  
Be this its latest legend—  
Here was the Pilgrim Land.”

Within the hall, and beneath the gallery, opposite Sargent's picture of the “ Landing of the Pilgrims,” was the following :—

“ The Pilgrims of 1620 hailed the arrival of ROBERT CUSHMAN. The descendants of the Pilgrims welcome this day, all who claim him as their ancestor.”

Tastefully arranged in evergreen letters were displayed in various parts of the large hall, many of the names of the most prominent of the passengers of the renowned May Flower :—

1620.

“ Alden, Allerton, Brewster, Bradford, Cushman, Carver, Chilton, Fuller, Hopkins, Howland, Martin, Mullins, Robinson, Rogers, Standish, Winslow, White, Warren.”

This display, together with the objects of antiquarian value, once the property of the early Pilgrims, added much to the interest of the occasion.

In passing through North Street was observed the following :—

“ COLE'S HILL :—

The first BURIAL PLACE of the Pilgrims. On this spot are laid to rest together the true, the pious, the beautiful and the brave till time shall be no more.”

Near “ Forefathers' Rock,” a few steps removed from Water Street, at the head of a wharf, were the following lines :—

“ A Rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires,  
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea;  
On that holy altar they kindled the fires  
Which glow in our bosoms, Jehovah, for Thee !”

On a somewhat modern building in Leyden Street, the oldest part of the town, where the meersteads and garden plots were first laid out, was the following brief announcement to the visitors that they were near a spot very sacred in their family annals :—

“ Site of the COMMON HOUSE, built 1620, where ROBERT CUSHMAN delivered his Sermon, November, 1621.”

Over the porch of the Unitarian meeting-house, situated at the western extremity of Leyden Street, covering very nearly the same soil on which the old meeting-house of the forefathers stood, and in the immediate neighborhood of the spots where Allerton, Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Brewster, Cook and others dwelt, was placed the following :—

“ The first HOUSE OF WORSHIP built 1637 ; second, 1683 ; third, 1744 ; fourth, 1831 ; fifth, 1840. “ How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation.”

Throughout the town, in many places, were exhibited, in prominent positions, such devices and emblems as were dictated by the taste and feelings of the hospitable inhabitants.

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In the evening a considerable portion of the company repaired to Pilgrim Hall, where they were received and kindly entertained by the citizens and their families. There they passed the remainder of the day in friendly intercourse with each other and their hosts, and thence retired to the accommodations generously provided for them by their assiduous friends. And so happily ended the proceedings of the FIRST DAY of the Cushman Gathering in Plymouth.

## VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF ELDER CUSHMAN.

ON Thursday, the 16th of August, after holding religious services in the morning, the company re-assembled at Pilgrim Hall at 10 o'clock, A.M., to take action in reference to the erection of the Cushman Monument, and to visit the graves of Thomas and Mary Cushman.

At the request of the President, D. A. CUSHMAN, Esq., of New York City, one of the Vice Presidents, took the Chair.

CHARLES CUSHMAN, Esq., of Boston, Chairman of the Committee on the subject of a Monument, submitted the following report, recommending the erection of a Monument on Burial Hill in Plymouth to the memory of Robert Cushman, the Pilgrim, and of Elder Thomas Cushman and his wife Mary, the daughter of Isaac Allerton :—

At a preliminary meeting of the descendants of our Pilgrim ancestor, Robert Cushman, held in Boston on the 15th day of February last, a Committee was appointed for the purpose of taking into consideration the subject of a Monument to his memory, to report thereon to this meeting. In pursuance of that object, the Committee have not deemed it within their province at this time to enter upon any thing more than a superficial investigation of the subject, as the whole matter will depend altogether upon the spirit and feelings of this meeting. The cost of erecting a Monument on yonder hill, worthy of the subject and of ourselves, will depend, in a great measure, upon the style of architecture you adopt. There are many beautiful and chaste designs, in sarcophagus, that would meet the approbation of the Committee, and that would not exceed in cost the sum of twelve hundred dollars; but the beauty of these designs, or rather the effect, depend, in a great measure, upon their locality. If you take the form of a shaft, or column, an elevation will no doubt be the most proper place; and as Bunker Hill has given the key to New England Mounments, in this form, and as the spot where we propose erecting it is an elevation, there is no doubt in the minds of the Committee regarding its being the most acceptable form that could be presented. The cost of a shaft or obelisk, with basement and die, for inscriptions, will depend entirely upon its size, and the manner in which it is wrought. There are several in Mount Auburn, from ten to fifteen feet in height, that cost from five to eight hundred dollars. For the sum of two thousand, or two thousand five hundred dollars, the Committee believe that a Monument can be erected in Italian marble or Quincy granite, twenty feet in height, original in its design, an ornament to the place, and creditable to ourselves.

In the furtherance of this object, it is desirable that an impetus be given to it at once by the opening of a list for subscribers on the spot, and that a Committee be appointed by this meeting, with full power and authority to collect the same, and erect the monument from such plans, as in their judgment they may deem the most appropriate, whenever the beforementioned sum or sums shall be raised.

We have met together on this occasion for the purpose of commemorating the day on which our Pilgrim ancestor first sailed for America, two hundred and thirty-five years ago. And what day could be more propitious than this, or what place preferable to this memorable spot, to commence the undertaking we have alluded to? The record of good men's actions we know will outlive gates of brass and pillars of marble, in the universal remembrance of mankind; and in the language of him who has rendered immortal the early settlers of New England:—"We know there is no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate, where it has not already gone; and that no structure that shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial." But our object is, by this structure, to show our own deep sense and importance of the achievement of our ancestor; and by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for our Puritan ancestor.

Nor have this Committee felt it incumbent on them to enter upon any lengthened argument, in order to satisfy you of the propriety and importance of this undertaking. It is sufficient to know that, from the most remote antiquity down to the present time, it has been the custom in all civilized countries, as well as esteemed an act of filial duty, to place monumental records over the remains of their illustrious dead. In the performance of this pleasing duty, we come not here to erect a column in commemoration of a victorious chief, who had carried destruction in his course, and caused the poet to exclaim,

"A mighty realm he overran,  
And with relentless arm  
Slew or enslaved its unavenging sons."

No, we come here to erect a column in commemoration of him who was among the first and foremost in colonizing, civilizing and Christianizing this continent; whose own right arm struck a blow in favor of civil and religious freedom, the benefits of which we feel to this day, and which will be felt by generations yet unborn.

And, now, ye his descendants, who have come up here this day in honor of his memory; ye who are from the halls of learning, from the great marts of commerce, from the far distant hills and valleys of this broad and beautiful land:—

"If in your memories dwell a thought which once was his,  
If on ye swell a single recollection;  
Not in vain he wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell."

CHARLES CUSHMAN,

*Chairman of the Committee on the Monument.*

The report was accepted, and it was *Voted*, That a Monument be erected to the memory of our ancestors at an expense of \$2,000 to \$2,500.

*Also voted*, That a Committee of ten be appointed with full power to carry into effect the foregoing vote.



Thus closed the meeting of the SECOND DAY, and the company broke up to return to their homes fully satisfied with the successful results of the very interesting occasion which had called them, for the first time, to meet together on Pilgrim soil. The weather was extremely propitious, and no accident of any kind occurred to mar the ceremonies, or cause any regrets to be felt by those who had wandered so far from their homes for this friendly reunion of the different members of the largely scattered family. Nearly a thousand persons, of all ages of both sexes, were present ; all of whom, it is believed, were gratified with the services, and were, undoubtedly, made happier and better in thus visiting the first New England home of their Pilgrim forefathers, and the graves of their revered ancestors.